

# THE WAR CRY

AND OFFICIAL GAZETTE OF THE SALVATION ARMY

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MILLIONS ARE MADE—REVENUES UP-HELD, BUT, OH! THE COST.



[Our Serial.]

# EVELYN'S VICTORY.

BY BRIGADIER COMPLIN.

## CHAPTER IV.

I did indeed seem as if that meeting with death had brought Evelyn, and the Spirit of God, into her heart; her heart very powerful that night the words of the Gospel to the effect that he who is not willing to forsake father, mother, brothers, sisters, and home, is not Christ's. His discipline, it was true, had struck Evelyn's heart, her will responded obediently. A new flood of light and power came upon her, and she was confirmed in her purpose to follow the leading of God's Spirit, young as she was.

She well understood the state of mind of those who so dearly loved at home, and it was like tearing out her heart-strings to so continually thwart every kind effort they made, as they thought, for her welfare, but she saw clearly the finger of the Lord pointing out her path, and left the consequences with God, resolved to be obedient to all costs.

By-and-by the meeting closed, and Evelyn made her way home.

Previous to her connection with the Salvation Army she would have been able to slip into the house where she deserved, unnoticed; but now the whole family seemed to be on the watch for her. She made her way round to the back entrance, opened the garden gate and walked up the path, hoping it would be safe to escape observation, but in vain.

Just after she passed inside the door of the house, her mother met her.

Mrs. Steadfast had brought up seven children and not one of them had dared to resist her wishes as young Evelyn was growing up, and she felt quite at ease about it that it was plain to whoever spoke to her there was mischief in the air for Evelyn.

She pounced down upon the poor child without one trace in either voice or gesture of the great blight of love she really possessed for her youngest and darling child, and demanded to know if Evelyn had been to the Army.

"I have, mother," Evelyn replied.

Without another word Mrs. Steadfast herself pushed out of the house by her own son's hand, and the door slammed against her.

Poor child!

She didn't know what to do. She had never been in such a predicament before. She was, however, not that far to sit down and cry, without an effort to better her circumstances, but she was too dazed at the time to think what she should do, so she wandered aimlessly away towards the churchyard, and there amongst the tombs, she thought of Jesus, Son of God, and His sufferings for her, and lifted her heart to Him for grace to go through.

She did not feel lonely or afraid until the hands of the clock began to point towards twelve, when the sound of drunken laughter, intermingled with oaths and curses from the people who were making their way to their homes in various parts of the city, after spending the evening in drinking and its associate vices, alarmed her.

She had never been so unpleasantly near this type of sin before, and seeing it was dark, she thought she would steal back quietly to the house. She knew that there was a tool-house just inside the garden gate, and if the back gate was only left undone she could creep into the tool-house and shelter there until the morning.

Surrounding the gate was unfastened and Evelyn for the first time in her life within a stone's throw of those whom she loved, and who once loved her dearly, and for Jesus Christ's sake stretched her tired limbs on the cold earth, and with a heavy heart laid down to sleep.

It was no trouble to get up from such a bed as that when the morning light dawned, and before any of the family were about, she left the home of her childhood with a sad heart, but a contented mind of offence, and a high resolve to follow Jesus Christ. It occurred to her that she could go down to the Midland Railway Station and get a wash-up at the ladies' waiting room. This she did, then sallied forth to fight the battle of life, alone—yet not alone.

## CHAPTER V.

THE Steadfast family buried their grief in their hearts, stood by their determination to find Evelyn out of which they considered her mad, freaks, or else leave her unrecognized as a member of the family. Hattie's heart was nearly broken, but they made no enquiries about Evelyn and only heard casually that she

was frequently at the Salvation Army, and working amongst the soldiers. It continued for the space of six months.

Finally, after talking the matter over, the Steadfast family thought they would find Evelyn's old home again, and when we see should probably be satisfied with her nonsensical notions, they would try and induce her to come back and forget the past. So Evelyn returned home; but to their chagrin, she returned home as inveterate a Sodalist as ever. She had lost her faith, and soon found that on the question of the Salvation Army Evelyn was as immovable as a rock.

The next shock to the nerves of the Steadfasts, was the announcement that Evelyn was going into the Army. They couldn't quite understand this; they thought she had been led into the Army very much so, and this other color in was another step in the mystery of the strange religious organization Evelyn was so magnetized with. When they heard it was to leave home and become an atheist, they thought she had lost her reason for anything, but there was a certain amount of pleasure in the thought that Evelyn was not twenty-one, and until they chose to give their consent in writing, the Army would not dare to take their daughter from them.

## Great is the power of prayer.

Evelyn, whose face was now lit up as much as those first faces she saw when she left the skin of purity, had puzzled her brain to know why any person with any sense at all—her sister Evelyn above all people—could ever dream of allying themselves with such a hedgehog religious affair as this.

Soon after the time to commence the meeting arrived, and Mrs. General Booth with a number of Staff Officers took their places on the platform. The

## CHAPTER VI.

“DECLARE,” said Hattie one morning, to an acquaintance, “the whole town is upset over this Mrs. Booth. She is the one that belongs to the Salvation Army, you know. Evelyn went to her after I had tried to hear her, perhaps she would say something about Evelyn. Will you come to speak to me?”

“Oh, yes; I should like to go,” replied Hattie's friend, “and the appointment was accordingly made for the theatre, where that night General Booth was to speak to sinners.”

Some ten minutes or so before the time for the meeting to commence Hattie and her friend presented themselves at the door. Hattie, speaking of this visit afterwards, said she could not tell how awful afraid they should be seen, and endeavored to get into a quiet out-of-the-way corner as speedily as possible.

The hall seemed to be in a perfect hubbub of confusion. Here a man would rise up and shout just as he entered in the next “Hallelujah!”

Up and down the aisles were Army lads and lasses plaguing one to buy War Crayons.

It was the strangest method of worship Hattie had ever seen.

She, of course, imagined that the meeting was in full progress, and was puzzling her brains to know why any person with any sense at all—her sister Evelyn above all people—could ever dream of allying themselves with such a hedgehog religious affair as this.

Soon after the time to commence the meeting arrived, and Mrs. General Booth with a number of Staff Officers took their places on the platform. The

She saw only God's messenger, and herself a mere creature of complete wretchedness took possession of her, till she felt herself the most miserable creature under heaven.

Now she realized how wrong she had been to treat Evelyn in the way she had done.

She saw how blinded she had been to the true facts of the case, and she resolved to do all she could do for her to go alone for her past cruelty and wrong-doing.

She had long been a Christian, and had walked according to the light she had, but at its best that seemed as the light of a feeble rush-light, compared with the blaze which now poured in on her soul.

Hattie finished speaking, and the collection was announced.

“Now,” said Hattie to herself, “I can do something,” and accordingly when the collection plate came round, she emptied the whole contents of her purse into the plate amounting to about eight or ten shillings.

Hattie did not sleep that night till she had admitted her error to Mrs. Booth, acknowledging her wrong towards her sister, and asking that her sister's address might be supplied her, in order that she might confess the same to Evelyn.

Evelyn sent back to Hattie a letter full of sweet forgiveness, and from that time, the relationship between the two sisters was deeper and sweeter than ever it had been before. Still Hattie had much to learn.

(To be Continued.)



MEMBERS OF THE LEAGUE OF MERCY AT LONDON, ONT., MRS. MAJOR SOUTHLAW IN COMMAND.

cultured on dry land, by believing prayer. Prayer conquered even her mother's obstinate resistance, and was acceded in it by Hattie. “Oh, let her go; let her go out of our sight; anything to get her out of the way,” and so Evelyn's Candidate's Forms were filled, and one day she received an admission ticket which on presentation would admit her to the Salvation Army Training Home, Clapton, London.

The morning came to depart.

Evelyn stood in the room with her full complement of luggage, consisting of one small tin box, a little bigger than a bone box.

Hattie came down stairs with mixed feelings of anger and grief. She did not let Evelyn go away without saying good-bye, and when she did, in the name of all, the size of the “trunk” struck her as too ridiculous for anything. She went to her, kissed her and said good-bye, adding these words. “Well, Evelyn, I hope you will find good friends; and if not, perhaps this may help you,” and put two sovereigns in the box, which she took to the train bore away the source of contention, and the home life lapsed back into its old form outwardly, but there was a gap in the circle, and an ache in the heart of those left behind which could not easily be removed.

whole scene was immediately changed, and Hattie saw that she had been judging her wrongfully.

Then all heads were bowed, and a Staff Officer was called upon to pray.

That first prayer made a mark on Hattie's heart. A glimmer of light seemed to enter into the depths of her spirit, and she felt an uncomfortable sense of commutation for her treatment of Evelyn.

Then Mrs. Booth gave out the song,

“Depth of mercy can there be,  
Mercy still reserved for me?  
Can my God His wrath forbear,  
Me the chief of sinners spare?”

Hattie thought that song was very good.

Then Mrs. Booth, her Bible in her hand, arose to speak.

She commenced in a rather low voice.

Every ear was attentive.

It was evident Mrs. Booth was a preacher who was possessed by a profound sense of the reality of the great truth which she spoke.

Under the spell of Mrs. Booth's earnest, forcible, thoughtful and Spirit-baptized utterances, Hattie lost all sense of where she was.

The vast hall with its mass of people faded from her vision; she forgot even the presence of her friend by her side.

## GRIEFLY TOUCHING.

One of the most pathetic relics of the family with which Joseph had died was discovered just now. A small casket containing the remains of a woman having on her person a profusion of valuable jewels. At her head stood a coffin filled with treasure, and a tablet with the inscription: “In Thy name, O God, the God of Hittim, Tayar, the daughter of Dau Shofit, sent my steward to Joseph, and, he delaying to return to me, I sent my handmaid with a measure of silver to bring me back a measure of flour; and not being able to procure it, I sent her with a measure of pearls; and not being able to procure it, I sent her with a measure of pearls; and, finding no profit in them, I am shut up here.”

Poor woman! She must have passed many years humbly, yet half-buried, while starving to death, amidst the costly jewels and pearls which had become of infinitely less value than a crust of bread.

The worst of faults is to think you have none.

## CONTRASTS.

(See Frontispiece.)

**T**HE TUSSOCK moth which preys upon the trees of our avenues and boulevards is considered a pest, and must be destroyed. The TREES must be preserved—the PEST must go.

And yet the Drink Traffic is allowed to continue.

The public highway is in a bad state, the roads are full of holes and deep ruts. Traffic is hindered. Such a state of things cannot be allowed in a well-ordered town or city. The ROADS must be repaired. They are a menace to life and property.

And yet the Drink Traffic goes on.

There is an individual who seizes the most favorable street corner to advertise his wares, and perpetrate his hoax upon a too gullible public. The trick is discovered—his nostrums are valueless—he has deceived the public—he is a swindler—he is arrested—the law deals with him—the public approves.

And yet the most gigantic swindle, the most glaring hoax is continued, acknowledged, LICENSED. The Drink Traffic goes on.

A man, physically weak, makes his way stumblingly along the street. His unfortunate condition is noticed by a bystander who sees in the weakness of his fellow an opportunity for fun (?) sport. He deliberately carries his purpose into effect—the weak one is tripped up and left to lie in the gutter. Onlookers—indeed, the world—cries out, "Caid, coward!" The assailant must answer for his assault.

What of the man who trades upon the MORAL WEAKNESS of his fellows in order to accumulate capital?

Disease-breeding, pestiferous, there it stood a refuse heap, its fumes poisoning, vitiating the air around. Contrary to all the sanitary laws governing the community, its presence was an insult, an injustice to the neighborhood. Public health is endangered, it must be removed instantly.

What of the cœsophs that crowd our thoroughfares, belching forth their moral poison, smiling with cruel blight, blasting the hopes of young and old alike, and vampire-like feasting, thriving upon the blood of its victims?

Oh, the sin of it! Oh, the shame and curse of it! Cruel lottery in the which all the PRIZES are for the Government Revenues and Distillers' Gains, and the BLANKS for the duped, befooled victims.

Must this continue? There will soon be an opportunity to give answer. Then in the name of GOD—and RIGHT—and HOME, answer NEVER. H. K.

## HELPS FOR J. S. WORKERS.

## SAUL CHOSEN KING.

I Samuel x. 1-27.

Anointed for Life Work.

**T**HIS was one of the greatest days in Israel's history when the prophet of the Lord anointed him to be captain over His people. Not for a term of a few years only, but for life!

What a splendid start! What a glorious chance he was given!

A good beginning is a good thing. How many of you children have had one? A start with God and start for life—then, whatever sphere of life we fill, we shall be blest and victorious.

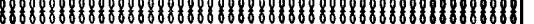
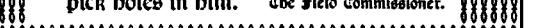
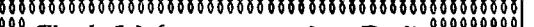
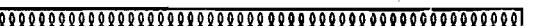
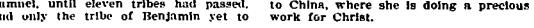
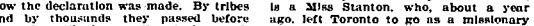
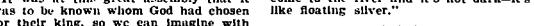
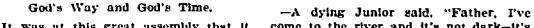
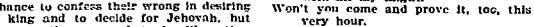
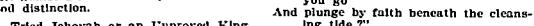
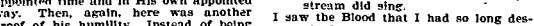
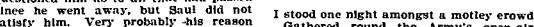
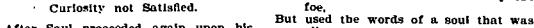
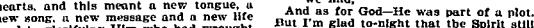
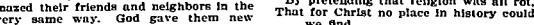
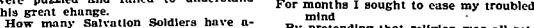
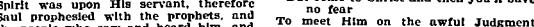
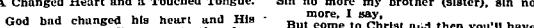
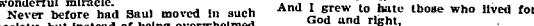
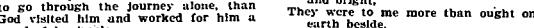
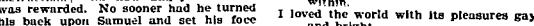
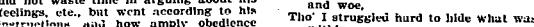
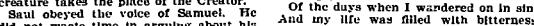
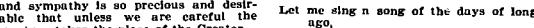
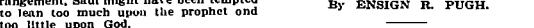
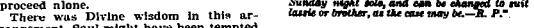
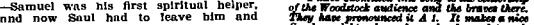
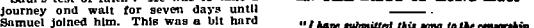
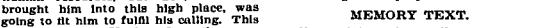
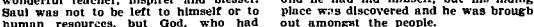
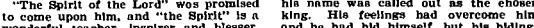
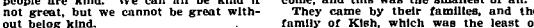
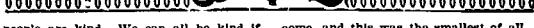
Three Signs to Prove God's Word.

All this would be new to Saul that whereas he found it rather difficult to believe all of it, to assure him it would stand, and the dream—one and no fiction—said three different signs should convince him.

How kindly and gently this grand old man deals with Saul—if his words or face expresses any doubt no sign of impatience escapes Samuel. Truly great

Every man makes his own character. Whether you are good, or whether you are bad, it is by your own choice.

THE GENERAL



## LIGHT BRIGADE NOTES.

West Ontario.

Hastings completed the return for quarter ending June, I thought our War advances in this direction. I am glad to have the privilege of welcoming the following agents: Sister Clark, Mrs. Rock, Mrs. Palmer, Mrs. Kelly, Bruce Peutney, John Grier, Mrs. Hearn, Mrs. Stevenson, Mrs. Grant, Brother Pugson, Mrs. Harvey, Mrs. Barnard, Mrs. Jackie, Mrs. Butt, which brings the number of Local Agents up to 32, and also makes a good increase in new boxes.

## BOX MONEY.

The total of \$1550 for the quarter is a net increase of \$150 above last quarter.

## NEW TOWNS.

Courtright did splendid. \$35 for eight boxes is not so slow. Also Wyoming and Harriston did well. Hats off to the worthy leaders, Brother Beasley, Sister Durrance and Brother Cowan.

## MEETING PROCEEDS.

The subject of the "Torn Bible" is very touching and impressive. The meetings have been most appreciated and a total of \$120 raised, of which over \$100 was left to assist the local corps and officers.

## HONORABLE MENTION.

London's total of \$21 is splendid, being \$15 ahead of last. Adjutant Coombs and his worthy L. A. deserve great credit. The same can be said of Bradford's total of \$150. Miss Moore, Broadwell with \$150, her own box, and \$160, and in fact the whole Province have had a noble fight, but for want of space and in fear of reprimand from mentioning separately their names.

## JAILS, HOTELS AND RAILWAY STATIONS.

Woodstock Jail box heads the way with \$3, also a Bielefeld hotel with \$2, Simcoe station \$2.15.

## TICKET SELLING.

I am pleased to say this is improving in many of the corps. Although we are not far behind, the F. O.'s and the P. A. feels it his duty to mention the Miners shown by the field officers, also for their assistance with the G. B. M. in their corps.

Of course, Brother Sims thinks his Agents are just the best on earth, but his corps who have to have to take a second place, and others like the A. S. of the West to show them a few things. But we wish them success—H. E. Collier, P. A.

## The North-West.

Brother Gill, of Winnipeg, is going to get a move on and surprise the Dominion this coming quarter. He is a real advocate of the G. B. M. Scheme. Oh, for more like him.

What's the matter with L. A. Underwood, of Rat Portage? She's all right. Just think, \$45 for such a small town.

"Go thou and do likewise," ye L. A.'s. NO. 8 and A. Quarters had \$25.00 each. "What think ye of this? Beat it if you can."

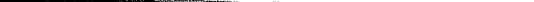
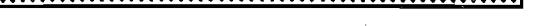
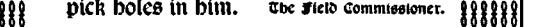
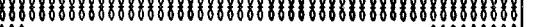
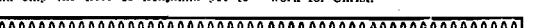
Mrs. Pangborn, just appointed L. A. for Virden, had \$25 in her boxes. Now Virden, arise and shake yourself out of the dust of despair. With such a practical agent at your head you will shine, I do believe.

Hurrah for Morden! Just think, L. A. Duncan had no less than \$35 in her own boxes. How did she get it? Why took her boxes to the Exhibition with her. Remember Lazarus wherever you go.

Then there is Mrs. Medall, of Valley City, remembered her box and had the neat sum of \$2.11 in it. What do you say to this for a poor woman? Well done, that good and faithful friend of the poor!

Now then, I wonder what is the matter with all those L. A.'s who have made no return this last quarter. Rouse ye, and be "diligent in business."

God bless the F. O.'s out West here. They are a practical lot, and are rapidly increasing in numbers and do their best both to help the scheme and my meetings. Captain Barriger and Lieutenant Strong sold about 100 tickets on the street for my lantern service in a half a day. Now is it impossible, ye F. O.'s, to sell tickets? ENSIGN CUMMINS, P. A.



# THE WAR CRY.

[Our Mission Field.]

## CYAN CECYLON.

The Singhalese People—Their Religion—  
The Salvation Army Opened Fire  
in 1883.

LIEUTENANT GUNERATNA, CO-  
LONELMO.

**T**HE Singhalese people, who are the real natives living in Ceylon, are descended from an ancient race of wild warlike people who lived in this little island hundreds of years ago.

The early inhabitants were called "Zakkhos," or demons. Some of the Singhalese kings who reigned over Ceylon before the Portuguese took the island employed these "Zakkhos" as they called them, to build rock temples, make tanks and carve huge images of Buddha.

Even up to this day the ruins of several temples are to be seen. Though many of them were destroyed, they were rebuilt again. These kings were very cruel to the poor natives.

There was no government of government, and that did as it pleased, women and children whose husbands disobeyed the royal commands were drowned in a lake, or tied hands and feet and thrown in the jungles for wild animals to devour. The wife of the Singhalese King, Sira Wickram Raja Singha, got the wife of a man who had been executed, to pound the heads of her little children in a mortar, and rub her with a whip if she was slow with her work. What horrible cruelty!

### They were Heathens.

The Singhalese people are all Buddhists—they are worshippers of Buddha—and are very dark and superstitious. For instance, when a person gets sick, instead of calling a doctor, they hold a devil dancing ceremony, offering food and flowers to the devil, and invoking him to cure the person.

The devil-dancers wear and paint their bodies and look very hideous, as with drums and reed instruments they make a big "go" of it till morning, only to find that the person is worse or dead.

They are very fond of drinking "arrack." Arrack is a very strong kind of liquor and makes one tipsy when taken too much. When the coconut palms put forth its flower it is tapped and cut. A pot is then hung to the end, and within a few weeks when it has dried, it is filled with a sweet liquid sap called "toddy." This is boiled and after a process of fermentation, to which tobacco and other baneful drugs are added, it becomes "arrack." A bottle is sold at the rate of 75c.

The Portugese took Ceylon first from the Singhalese, the Dutch then became masters of the island until it was taken possession of by the British, in 1815.

### The Salvation Army

opened fire in 1883. Only one English officer and his wife, with two Lieutenants held meetings in a deserted building. They had to suffer a great deal. The Buddhists did not know what sort of people these new comers were who wore red and yellow cloth and walked bare foot. The Devil was in command of the army of Ceylon, but the power of God prevailed and, glory, we got the victory. By degrees they came to know us more, and our objectives, when they became more friendly. Praise God! To-day there are 29 corps over in Ceylon, including Garrisons, a Rescue and Prison Gate Home, and a corps of the Naval and Military League in a flourishing condition. The Merry Box League (G. B. M.) was started lately. Over 500 boxes are out, and it bids fair to be a great success and help to the S. A. work in Ceylon.

### The Janice War.

The Singhalese mothers train up their children to follow the religion of their forefathers—Buddhism. During the "poya," or full moon days, hundreds of them take their little ones in their arms to the temples and there fall down and worship the image of Buddha. They love their children much, and often when born dedicate them to Buddha, as we do little ones under the Blood-and-Fire. In God in the Army, however, our Father, God, is ahead ahead in Tanka. The jungle corps of the interior of the island have nice meetings weekly and it's blessed to see the little ones once used Buddhist, testify to Jesus' power to save and keep. Hallelujah!

If the day of salvation leaves you graceless, the day of judgment will leave you speechless.—Sunday Companion.



On Dominion Day the Salvationists of Toronto held a picnic at Long Branch, and at the same place a party of deaf mutes were enjoying the day. The Salvationists and mutes joined forces and had a very pleasant day

together. The above cut is reproduced from a photo taken by one of the mutes just as the picnickers were about to separate for their several homes after the day's enjoyment.

## WAR MEMORIES.

By MAJOR BAUGH.

**A**FTER thirteen months' hard fighting in Whitechapel, with skeletons outside and a few of folk inside, who could not see or hear, should be called "Salvation Army" instead of "Christian Mission," and why we should have so much testimony instead of preaching, etc., etc., my next appointment was the opening of the Regent's Hall, Oxford Street, London W.

The General and Mrs. Booth, Orange Harriet, the Derby Boxer, the Tipton Devil, and Big Jim were a few of the specials brought in for the opening. To say we had a big crowd is no word for it. When I had the place jammed full, and a-

about

### Twenty Thousand Outside

wanting to get in, with over a hundred policemen to keep them something like in order, and try to keep the roads passable. The devil, of course, did not like this sort of thing, and some of the wealthy people living near by offered £200 (500) if we could be moved. Others did their best to make it warm for us. Cadets'

### Heads and Hats were Broken

In coming and returning, to help with the order. Many others had their clothes torn and spoiled. I had to be the last out, put out the lights, lock up, etc., and thousands were outside waiting for me, swearing, threatening when they could not get in, and shouting for coffee. Coffee was near by, I thought I had better wait till they had cooled down a bit, and although it was in March and very cold, it took over two hours before Brigadier Simpson and myself dare turn out. Then in the cold, I went out and there did not know me but said "he was escaped after all." Sinners got saved by hundreds, and amongst the first lot at the pentitent form was

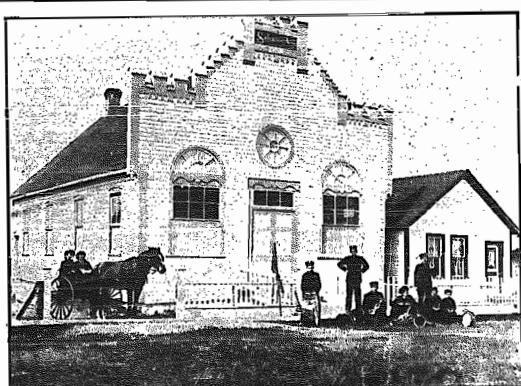
### A Young Chemist.

and last week at the General's meetings at Birmingham, this chemist was there holding in the meetings with others, and all we could tell them, "You remember my getting saved, don't you, over sixteen years ago, at the Regent's Hall?" He is now Major Thonger, and

has done good service in the S. A. Major Slater, of the Musical Department also Mrs. Slater, are amongst the first converts of the rank. So was Major Marshall, Editor of All the World, both of whom I had the joy of dealing with at the Pentitent form. The result of the tremendous glorious fighting we had over five hundred good soldiers and many recruits, a good brass band, the bandmaster still and has been ever since, so that the S.A. is the only one who has held his office continually for over sixteen years and is there still. When I was ordered to farewell a lady came offering me \$25 per month and a furnished home if I would stay in the neighborhood. I thanked her but said, "No, if the S.A. would give me a chance to work I should never have been known here, therefore I am going with them still."

## CALL TO RALLY.

**HARVEST FESTIVAL.**—We are approaching once again one of those efforts which has enabled us to demonstrate in the past that we enjoy a good opportunity of showing our love and loyalty to God and the old Flag, and know how to make the most of it when presented. This year will mark in the results attained a greater evidence of our ability to do this, and when we shall be a irresistible force. No doubt or fear, or indecision, or disloyalty, shall be able to resist surrender to our ever-victorious warriors. Once again the voice of our beloved leader—the Commissioner—appealed to us to be prepared, and when the battle is finished she will find that the well-seasoned veterans of the W. O. P. ably generalised by competent Blood-and-Fire Officers, will do a fair share to make the Territorial results another glorious triumph in our beloved leader's administration.—From "The Comrade," W. O. P.



NEEPAWA BARRACKS AND OFFICERS' QUARTERS, NORTH-WEST PROVINCE.

## Brought to Glory.

Sister Mrs. Bitton, Ottawa.

Death has again visited our ranks and taken our dear comrade, Mrs. W. Bitton. Though being sick for nearly four years, she would enjoy the privileges of a Salvationist, she lived a true Christian life, always interested in the work. In her illness, she was patient, looking unto Jesus. In her last moments she asked her husband to come to meet her in heaven. She left a bright testimony that "all was well." The deceased leaves an husband (Sergeant Walter Bitton) son and daughter, who have our sincere sympathy in their loss. Adjutant McLean conducted the service. Adjutant with the Adjutants and comrades turning out for the occasion, laying the remains in Beechwood Cemetery.

On the following Sunday evening we held a memorial service conducted by Adjutant with the Adjutants and Companions. Several comrades spoke of our Sister's life. At the close of the meeting two sons came to Jesus, one being our deceased comrade's daughter. We indeed feel our loss at our corps, but we are encouraged to press on until like our sister, we meet around the Throne, there to praise God forever.—A. French.

## Sister Mrs. McCombs, Palmerston

Palmerston.—Since last report Sister Mrs. McCombs has passed quietly away. The funeral service was conducted on July 1st by Ensign Savage, of St. Catharines, Adjutant, and Lieutenant Mansford, of this corps. The Eulogium spoke of our departed sister in by-gone days when he was stationed here, and urged all to get ready to meet their God.

## HOW HE FEELS.

**H**E was a drunkard, not one who was found in the gutters perhaps, but just a young fellow yet in his teens, who would get drunk, gamble, swear, smoke, and have what is called a good time generally with the boys.

The Army came along and picked him up, and through the grace and power of God he was saved. He was a bright young convert, gave up all old sins, and all sins, and started on a new life. To attend the meetings, pray, sing, and testify seemed to be his delight.

He fought on through great temptations, and developed into a beautiful soldier, possessing a human spirit and a divine soul, and whatever he was called upon, he showed signs of ability, made use of, and increased his talents. Learned of God in many ways. From being able scarcely to sing a note, he soon became a solo singer, and even composed an Army song.

He was called for the Field. His first station was having a very hard time. He, with his Captain, often had to sleep on the barracks floor. The people would not come to the meetings, and bye and bye the place had to be closed. But he fought on, rejoicing that he was counted worth the sacrifice for His cause.

He was looked upon as a good, bright lad (which he certainly was) and likely to become a promising officer. Was promoted, and put into responsible positions. Right through his experience he seemed to be greatly persecuted. In one of his meetings a young man came to the pentitent form, and got beautifully saved. When he arose from his knees he put his arms around his comrade's neck, and with tears in his eyes confessed his intention of killing him. That night, having an old grudge against him, but God's Spirit took hold of him, and he had to come and get saved. Thus was he wonderfully delivered.

But, alas, alas, little by little he lost that spirit of humility, forgot the pit from which he was saved, and became proud, lost his hold upon God, and at last took off his uniform, knelt before God and prayed this awful prayer, "Now, Lord, if You'll leave me alone, I'll leave You." So he left him, God-chosen work, left the path of righteousness, peace, and holiness, and went out into the world a miserable backslacker.

And God took him at his word, and left him alone, for before very long he even denied the existence of a God, and ridiculed the idea of salvation.

Should he die impotent, what an awful death his will be!—Red Riding Hood.

## IMPORTANT NOTICE!

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THE FIELD COMMISSIONER  
has fixed the dates for holding  
the

## HARVEST FESTIVAL

as follows:

ONTARIO, August 27, 28, 29  
and 30.

All places East and West of  
Ontario, September 10, 11, 12  
and 13.

(Signed) C. T. JACOBS,  
Chief Secretary.

## GAZETTE.

## PROMOTIONS—

Lieutenant Liddell, of Pearceton, to be  
Captain.

Lieutenant Grose, of Sherbrooke, to be  
Captain.

Lieutenant Lafond, of Pembroke, to  
be Captain.

## APPOINTMENT—

(Omitted last week.)

BRIGADIER FRIEDRICH to be Ed-  
itor of the War Cry and Young Sol-  
dier.

Ensign Adams, late of the Eastern  
Provincial Headquarters, to be Assis-  
tant Trade Secretary.

## MARRIAGE—

Adjutant J. W. Hay, of the Pacific  
Province, to Ensign Woolam, of  
Bozeman, Mont., at Spokane, on July  
14th, by Brigadier Howell.

EVANGELINE C. BOOTH,  
Field Commissioner.

## WAR CRY

Matter for insertion in this paper should be  
addressed to "The War Cry, Toronto." We do  
not undertake to return rejected contributions.  
With the exception of the "Editorial," leave  
a margin of one-eighth. Use separate sheets of  
paper for returns of "War Cry" issues to "Fountain  
Pen" and for Corps reports.

What are you going to do with your  
sins, sinner?

Like a sunbeam in the gutter, shining  
there unshod, should a Salvationist be  
in this world of sin.

To Tour the Territory for Consolida-  
tion and Spiritual Uplifting.

BEFORE this War Cry reaches our  
readers the Territorial Secretary  
will have commenced his inspection work  
in the East. While it would be wrong  
to infer that we are worse off in respect  
to organization than formerly—which  
could scarcely be, seeing the strong pres-  
sure there has been in the direction of  
organization for some time past—yet we  
are prepared to admit that a very much  
more effective service for God and the  
people can be rendered by the Army in  
this Territory, by perfecting the organiza-  
tion in points where we are weak in  
that respect, and by ensuring the proper  
carrying out of the rules and regulations  
that already exist. Brigadier Margottis  
goes to this work as the Commissioner's  
direct representative, full of love and  
zeal for God's glory and the success of  
the war. We are confident he will be a  
blessing and help to our beloved fighters  
on the field from the Provincial Officers  
to the last recruit in the ranks, and we  
anticipate his visit to the different cen-  
tres being scenes of salvation, triumph,  
as well as times of consolidation in the  
interests of the Army's regular workings.

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"Whatever the future may require,  
His grace will surely allow;  
I'll live a moment at a time,  
And Jesus saves me now."

## Good-Bye!

WITH this issue Brigadier Complin  
concludes his duties as Editor,  
which appointment he has so ably held  
for about five years. In saying good-bye  
to the Editorial Office, it will in no wise  
mean good-bye to the War Cry, for his  
masterly pen, we trust, will yet con-  
tribute many articles and stories. The  
Brigadier will go on a short well-earned  
rest before assuming his new and multi-  
farious duties as General Secretary.

## Welcome!

BRIGADIER FRIEDRICH will be  
fully initiated in his new sphere of  
labor ere this Cry reaches the public.  
The transfer of the Editorial chair took  
place with a most cordial hand-shake  
between the outgoing and incoming  
Editors. Let the numerous contributors  
from among our Staff and Field, as well  
as our many friends, rally to his assist-  
ance.

—Brigadier Bown has been sick and  
will not return from his furlough before  
the end of September.

## HOLLAND.

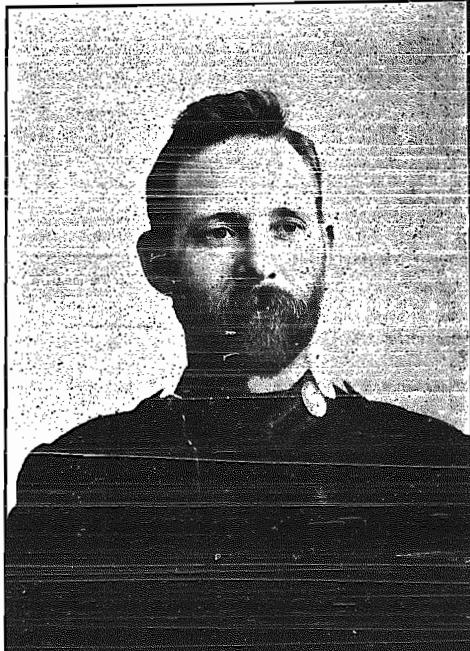
The Marechale has been invited as  
representing the Salvation Army to speak  
at one of the great demonstrations in  
connection with the National Carnival of  
the coronation of the young Queen, in  
August.—The General held powerful  
meetings in the beautiful grounds of the  
Baron von Trull, near Haarle.

## AUSTRALIA.

The Commandant has been seriously  
indisposed. Despite much suffering, how-  
ever, he has heroically kept at the front  
and filled all his public appointments.—  
Mrs. Booth is doing a new and valiant  
work in the field of teaching. By means of a  
splendid lime-light apparatus the  
actual scenes of which she speaks are  
thrown upon the canvas—life-like pictures  
of her personal efforts amongst the fallen  
and destitute.

## NEXT WEEK'S CRY

ALL'S WELL! THE ARRIVAL OF  
OUR KLONDIKERS IN DAWSON  
CITY (Illustrated).



BRIGADIER COMPLIN.

## International Personal Paragraphs.

## GREAT BRITAIN

COMMISSIONER POLLARD and Major  
Joffre have had a most successful  
conference with the Box Agents.—  
Commissioner Pollard accompanied the  
General to Scandinavia.—Adjutant Cunningham,  
late of South Africa, the latest addition to the British Editorial  
Staff, has joined the Editor of the War Cry  
in his parish and the M. P. of the district  
on his platform at Leyton.—Mrs. Major  
Joffre, who has been ill for twelve  
months, is slowly recovering.—Mrs.  
Brigadier Hoggard is seriously ill.

## UNITED STATES.

The Commander took part in the  
Chicago Soldier's Convocation.—The  
American leaders spent a Sunday at the  
Electric Park Camp.—Both the Com-  
mander and Consul will be present at the  
demonstration in connection with the  
inauguration of the new Training System  
at Madison, Wis., August 1st.—Major  
Anne Osborne, late Supt. Secretary for  
London, Eng., and new Women's Training  
Secretary for the States, has  
arrived in New York.—In addition to  
his Social oversight Colonel Holland has  
taken command of what is known as the  
Rocky Mountain Division, covering  
the states of Colorado, New Mexico and Wyoming.

## PACIFIC NEWS.

SPOKANE RESCUE HOME.—The  
Home here for a long time has been in  
debt, and try how they would, Mother  
Langtry could not seem to catch up.  
Ensign Alward kindly consented to work  
up a meeting on their behalf, giving them  
the proceeds of the same. The result  
was gratifying to all. Mr. Brigadier  
asked Mother to lay before the  
audience a brief of last year's work,  
also a statement of income and expense.  
This so touched the hearts of the hearers  
that over \$30 was given in a very short  
while, including the open-air collection  
which was \$10. The Consul, Capt. Scott,  
Spokane soldiers and friends certainly  
deserve great credit for the way they  
have rallied to the assistance of the  
S. A.

• • •

CHANGES.—Adjutant and Mrs. Barr  
are holding on at Westminster for a  
few days. Ensign Stanbury and Captain  
Scott go to Fleetwood also to supply Cadet  
Corps and Mrs. Barr has taken charge  
of the home and take hold of Wheaton.  
Captain Atkinson is resting here at Spokane  
for a few days prior to going to another  
appointment. Captain Thoen is  
very poorly and is having a much-needed  
rest at Livingston. Mrs. Adjutant Edge-  
comb has also been on sick list since  
she has been home, and one or two other

comrades are also laid up. Pray for our  
resting officers.

ADJUTANT AND MRS. HAY.—These  
comrades were happily married by the  
Brigadier in the new S. A. barracks  
Spokane, on July 14th. Everything went  
off well. A packed barracks and of  
course, much interest. Adjutant and Mrs.  
Hay are remaining with the band for a  
short while. God bless our comrades,  
and make their united lives a terror to  
evil-doers.—The Ruster.

## WORLD-WIDE JOTTINGS.

## UNITED STATES.

TWENTY-FIVE men candidates have  
been ordered into the Chicago Gar-  
rison for the session opening August  
1st.—Colonel Hoggard reports progress  
on the Fort Smith One.—Over 30  
acres of land are now under cultivation  
and in crops, and the men are happy in  
their labor.—The Commander has de-  
cided upon the issue of a monthly paper  
for sectional officers. The first number  
will be out on August 1st.—The profit  
on the sale of the Salvations in  
the United States is now devoted to  
the Rescue work. Every Rescue Home  
will be a headquarters for the Tea  
League.—New York is to have two new  
Social Institutions. Two splendid lodg-  
ing-houses have been secured on the  
lowered site of the former buildings, pro-  
viding accommodation for 200 men will be  
opened as a Men's Shelter. The other is  
to be a Woman's Shelter, and will ac-  
commodate 125.—In the City of Providence,  
the Salvation Army has received the  
gift of a large mission lodging-house  
property. The building is completely fit-  
ted up and will be available next  
month to the Seafarers' Wing.—The Buskin Fa-  
tory in Seattle is most successful, and  
upon our large Social wood tract 1,000  
cords of wood have been cut.—During  
one month the Army in the United States  
operated 14 Food Depots and thirty-three  
Shelters, in which we supplied 76,656 beds  
and 34,000 meals.

## GREAT BRITAIN.

The Army's Annual Report of Sowing  
and Keeping has been favorably noticed  
by the London and Provincial daily Press.—  
The Trade Department and its em-  
ployees spent a day's outing at the Hadleigh  
Colony.—A big Field farewell takes  
place on the 1st instant. The  
An industrial Lieutenant is study-  
ing the work for Band of Hope  
purposes.—Amongst the recent visitors  
at the Hadleigh Colony was Sir Horace  
Tozer, Agent-General for Queensland.

## AUSTRALIA.

The Home hitherto used by the  
Townsville Prisoners' Aid Society  
has been transferred to the dis-  
cretion of the Consul, and  
will form a prominent centre of our  
Rescue work.—The 25,000 acres which  
have been procured from the West Aus-  
tralian Government for the Army's Social  
purposes to be known as the Collie Farm  
Colony are getting under contract, and  
the development of the same is to be  
done by the Superintendent of Charities for  
the Army to take charge of the boys in  
the Reformatory at Rotnest—the penal  
settlement Island about fourteen miles  
from Freemantle.—The Colony Society  
Annals promise to be unique specimens.  
His Excellency Sir Thomas Fowell Buxton,  
Sir Samuel Griffiths, Chief Justice of Queens-  
land, will occupy a similar position at  
Brisbane.

## JAVA.

Some 500 Chinese and Javaneese attended  
the native welcome of Major and  
Mrs. Cummingham, whose commandant was  
a most rice supper partaken of upon the  
floor.—Semaranga No. II. corps might  
almost be termed a sister's corps. Javaneese  
women will not come to meetings  
which are attended by a number of men.  
Special efforts for their salvation, how-  
ever, have resulted already in many  
blessed trophies amongst the dark-  
skinned sisters of the native town.

## HOLLAND.

Amsterdam has a brigade of Shelter  
men 150 strong. Their singing at the  
11th Anniversary of our work in that  
country created quite a sensation.—The  
Shelter in Brussels accommodates 15  
men. Many literal wrecks of humanity  
have been helped and transformed. An equally  
successful Social work is being carried on  
at Marcheine.

## • • •

Mrs. Adjutant Bradley's brother  
Geordie, now a partner with his brother  
in a very flourishing photography busi-  
ness at Vancouver, and filling a useful  
position in the church as President of an  
Epworth League Society, was converted  
with ease through a little Salvation  
Army Junior.

## Successful Campaign in the Sea-Girt Isle.

**Naval Boys Sing - W. G. T. U Tea - Never Say Good-Bye - A Token of Love - Profound Interest in Prison Work - Commissioner Comes Soon.**

By MRS. BRIGADIER READ.

(Continued from last week.)

**O**N Sunday afternoon we fished it packed hammocks at land No. "Prison life and its results" was dealt with exhaustively, preparatory to the League of Mercy commissioning. For over an hour the interest seemed unshaken, and enthusiasm prevailed, culminating in a most impressive scene as the League sisters were depicted under two flags to their blessed work. We believe the falling tear crystallized in a determination in many hearts present to more than ever emulate Jesus, the first Mercerian. This was evidenced by the number who stood with the soldiers in a closing consecration service.

"Justice and wisdom." We started in the evening with 60 people who packed the hammocks. The justice and wisdom of God's way of dealing with the consequences of man was earnestly emphasized. I distinctly heard the ticking of the clock while speaking, as of a warning knell to the many hundreds who sat in that solemn meeting and who went away convicted, convinced, but not converted, realizing all the best impulses of their hearts. Two people yielded in the prayer meeting.

I returned from "Round the Bay" after enjoying my visit to Harbor Grace and remained very much for two meetings in St. John's before leaving the island. Ensign Kenway and Newman had well announced my visit and were very kind indeed. I was sorry to disappoint Bay Roberts and Brigus, owing to rush of work and excessive weariness after my hard day.

At No. 1 "Boundless salvation" was the theme and a beautiful meeting took place. At No. 2 a farewell meeting was arranged through the kindness of Ensign Boggs.

Adjutant and Mrs. McLean were also present, with many others. Adjutant McLean, though in very poor health, was untiring in his efforts to make all the meetings a success. Large crowds were present as at previous ones at both these last services. "They never say good-bye in heaven," was sung heartily as a finale at my last meeting at No. 2.

**TEA WITH THE W. C. T. U.** On the last afternoon the W. C. T. U. arranged a special meeting and five o'clock tea. A pleasant and profitable hour was spent, and the friends were greatly edified. The ladies promised to assist Ensign Tovell in every way in their power. God bless them!

Messages of love to old comrades and leaders were given in the farewell meeting, in honor of the League's mission of affection for, and loyalty to, our dear Commissioner, and Newfoundland friends and Salvationists are very anxious for her to visit the island soon, "and stay longer next time."

Salvationists in the "Sea-girt Isle" are true to the principles of self-sacrifice and devotion. Though my visit was in the worst season, the summer, when hundreds are away at the fisheries, the meetings were marked with a spirit of fervency and red-hot Salvationism. The singing was the most brilliant. The grand old hymns, characteristic of the old-time earnestness which used to impress my bosom and I so much when in charge of the work in Newfoundland five years ago. They are a happy, blessed people, who get the best drift given, and the expectancy manifested.

The island has suffered great losses commercially, and otherwise, but I believe the "signs of the times" are a forecast of future prosperity. Some old friends are gone, through removal and death; but there are many who have given their money and influence for years, whose names are known and affectionately remembered by officers in every part of the world.

Ensign Payne is very ill but full of hope. He was feeling, I am glad to say, in a hundred per cent condition before leaving St. John's. Comrades, remember him when you pray, also his dear wife. The Newfoundland Press, as in fact, the papers almost everywhere, published lengthy and interesting reports of the meetings, for which they have the gratitude of the Rescue Officers.

Brigade-Sergeant Webber and his com-

rades from H. M. S. "Cordelia" rendered good service with their music and songs in several meetings. Ensign Broome Webber is in charge of the Army's Naval and Military League in the North Atlantic Squadron. He is being very much blessed in his work among the men in the Navy. God bless the Army's brave sailor boys!

I can never forget the loving care manifested in my personal welfare, and the warm, deep sympathy, and readiest co-operation shown my loved work by all from the highest to the lowest, who travel-sustained into a comfortable chateau in Mr. Bell's cosy and hospitable home, after my trying voyage, until the last attention paid me by dear Ensign Tovell as the "Bruce" train steamed out of the station. In this the most arduous trials and deeds I cannot claim are faithfully engraved in my heart, and I feel like adapting the words of the sainted Wesley, and exclaiming, "THE BEST OF ALL IS, GOD WAS WITH ME!"

### A "Man-of-War's-Man" Tells of Mrs. Read's Visit "Round the Bay"

The announcement of Mrs. Brigadier Read awakened within the breasts of many of her old friends of Harbor Grace and Carbonear, thoughts of past blessing and inspiration received while they sat and listened to her address delivered over many years ago, and then looking forward expecting to receive new inspiration. I may say here I feel they were not disappointed. Mrs. Read arrived Wednesday afternoon, and with the writer drove to Heart's Content, where she dined and visited with a dear comrade, Charles Oberhead, who had lived and died a true Salvationist, and planted a flower upon it, as a token of love. He was greatly loved on the Is-

land by those who knew him, and was a great friend of Brigadier and Mrs. Read. We also visited his father, who is near the river. We prayed and sang with the pastor. Mrs. Read spoke of the good life of his son, tears roused down his cheeks.

We arrived back at Carbonear in time for meeting. A nice crowd had gathered, who gave a hearty welcome to Mrs. Read, and as she spoke of the "Friend in Some World" the incident never failed, tears at intervals had to be wiped off the faces of many, even some very hard sinners could hardly restrain them. One soul yielded at the close.

At Harbor Grace Mrs. Read commenced on her visit, as usual, with a tea party. Tovell although feeling very fatigued after his tedious tour, she plunged into the meeting with earnestness of soul. In the afternoon pouring plenty of new light into people's minds rewarded her well. The evening meeting was a success, the ground broken, and even an hour truth after truth on the subject of "Memory" was poured upon the consciences of the people. Many were greatly convicted. One came forward.

Monday night the League of Mercy was explained. Mrs. Williams being introducing General Myles of the League in this town. With music and singing a profitable time was spent. We closed the series of meetings with "God be with you till we meet again," feeling much good had been done through the Brigadier's visit.—George Kenway, Ensign.

We regret that through an oversight we omitted to credit the owner of the music published in our last issue ("Save me, I know Thou lovest me") Mr. F. Trifet, by whose kind permission we were enabled to use the melody.

What has been said of Lindeman is

## OUR KLONDIKERS

AT LAKE BENNETT.

**A Sea of Tents—Cancer Carrying—Unfriendly Mosquitoes—No Longer "Tenderfoot."**

**O**VER the Chilcoot Pass are we at last, after many a pull and struggle, and have our three tents pitched in a sheltered cove between two large snow-capped mountains. Across the lake half a mile is the town of Bennett, the latter, by the way, being nothing but a sea of hurriedly pitched tents. Bennett, as our reader will know, is the point where the Chilcoot and White Pass meet.

Journeying mercies and blessings truly have been plentiful, and our hearts are full of praise and gratitude to God for all His goodness in so singularly and beautifully attending to our help, and with frequency that appeared nothing short of miraculous.

It was a very peculiar and not altogether uninteresting sight to see nothing but legs, as the individuals possessing them were right under a section of the camp, and none of them striking to witness the attitude with which these personages passed safely over the multitude of large boulders, between huge crevices, through mud up to the thigh, and then clamber up rocks which must have an angle of 45 degrees. The reader, with the writer, will consider such skillful accomplishment a feat which the most able athlete might agree in judging very praiseworthy—but was

equally true of Bennett. They quickly hastened to our two open-air rings, and stayed until the very last word was uttered, when the last and most altered expressions, were very much affected. Our income amounted to \$34.55.

"I am glad you are going in," said a kind friend yesterday, as she placed \$3 in our hand. The feeling of the people could not be described, and the work of all nations have begun to regard the Salvation Army as their friend, and treat it as such.

### Farewell of Brigadier Read.

(Special.)

Good crowd at Liggar Street last night. Brigadier Read will get home. There's severely hot audience stayed on late. One sister rushed to the Cross weeping. Blessed influence. The Brigadier gave stirring spiritual nautical address. Mrs. Read also took part. Soldiers' meeting followed. "Good to be with you, we meet again," sang fervently. Comrades all promised to pray for Brigadier's physical restoration.

### READ ♦♦♦

### "PACK HORSES," OR,

**"BEAR YE ONE ANOTHER'S BURDENS."**

BY

### MISS BOOTH,

—IK—

MEET WEEK'S CRY.

(For Our Band of Love Boys.)

### THE PICTURE "DEVELOPED."



BRIGADIER FRIEDRICH, CARL OTTO, EFFIE, MRS. FRIEDRICH.

land by those who knew him, and was a great friend of Brigadier and Mrs. Read. We also visited his father, who is near the river. We prayed and sang with the pastor. Mrs. Read spoke of the good life of his son, tears roused down his cheeks.

We arrived back at Carbonear in time for meeting. A nice crowd had gathered, who gave a hearty welcome to Mrs. Read, and as she spoke of the "Friend in Some World" the incident never failed, tears at intervals had to be wiped off the faces of many, even some very hard sinners could hardly restrain them. One soul yielded at the close.

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done, and without mishap (oh, the mosquitoes, I labor to write in great pain,) and our boats as well as our effects were landed in safety and in good condition so that I suppose each individual officer would now no longer be called "tender-foot," but "professional packers."

The following prices at Lindeman and Bennett might be of some interest. I will commence with saying that we will pay 50c. an hour for a wheel on the ground, and such horses of course to be taken in moderation.

Meals, \$1; wood at the summit of the Chilcoot Pass per pound, 3c; wages, \$5 per day and board; freight from summit to Lindeman, 75c per pound; freight per pound, 25c; fish per pound, 25c; horses per head, 10c; hay per pound, 15c; (all feed the same); eggs each, 6c.; oranges each, 15c.; lemons each, 10c.; postage, Lindeman, 10c.; lumber per foot, 15c. (cheap, was 6c.); horse shooting, \$4, \$5 and \$6, etc.

At Lindeman we had two splendid meetings with the people crowded around, and the interest, eager and appreciative. Interest, all of whom gave us the warmest of welcome. The moment the cornet sounded and the singing commenced the people emerged from the sea of tents, and in a few seconds more they had closed around us. The meeting was in full progress. Rough-looking men, as they were who stood around that ring, but nevertheless with hearts, as the pearl encased in the rough shell, and not so hard either as their circumstances and environments might be considered to render them. The eye tear as it stole out of the corner of the eye and brushed hastily away ere it was noticed. Spontaneous offerings amounted to \$19.20.

What has been said of Lindeman is

I KNOW a boy who has a humor and takes pictures. He took me in his dark-room the other day to show me how to develop a plate. He had been down to the Battery, in New York, that afternoon—it is not a battery at all now, being a little park on the tip end of Manhattan Island—and had "snapped" a picture. He did not tell me what it was going to be, and all I had to do was to watch him.

First he poured clean water into a tray, and then by the dim light of a red lantern took a glass plate out of his camera, dropped it into the water tray. May be the picture was there, but what I saw was a pane of glass coated on one side with some stuff that looked like cream. While the plate soaked, my little photographer was busy with his bottles and measures, making up a bathful of clear liquid that he called his "developer."

"Now wash," he warned me, as he lifted the plate from his bath, and, placing in an empty tray, poured the developer upon its blank, creamy surface. Watched no change yet. He was watching the tray closely, rocking the tray gently. Looked at the spot in the cream. The upper part of the plate was darkening. "Sky," says the operator. The shade creeps over the lower corners. "Water," he murmurs. What is this? The cream remnant in the central field is turning brownish, then yellowish, then white, traversing the dark sky. A mass of white becomes a vessel with spars and rigging, two massive stacks, four towering masts. The smoke pours from her chimneys, a torrent of foam leaps from her prow and sweeps behind her in a majestic undulating crest. The plate has developed into a perfect picture of incandescent steamship. The picture was all on the plate when we went into the dark-room, but it took the developer to bring it out.

Knew a young man who was remarkable for big looks and low brows, whom everyone likes. So far as his friends could see, his life was as clear as that creamy plate of my friend, the picture man. But the young man is in Canada now; and it is said that he wakes up in fear that the effect of the night shivering will not be removed. "That can't be the same young man," you say. Ah, but it is the very same, only he has been in the "developer." Smooth as he seemed, he had been exposed to temptation in his boyhood, and the result of the trial of not quite honest. Notably kind. But once he was in a "dark-room," with a terrible temptation, and the character which he had been forming flushed out. He stole one hundred thousand dollars, and fled. At some time or other, circumstances will bring to light the principles you now own. Be sure that the picture of your own character comes out well.—Pleasant Hours.



**Midland**.—12-signal and Mrs. Attwell for three days. Ice cream social, great success. Three souls last night, making four for the week. We are moving forward.—Captain Creamer.

**Markdale, Ont.**—On Sunday seven souls stepped out on the promise of God and claimed pardon through the Blood of the Lamb. To God be all the glory.—S. Bishop, for Ensign Newman.

**Pembroke**.—Meetings all day Sunday, times of blessing. Mrs. Captain Brindley came to help us, and in spite of rain, crowds were fair. God's Spirit was felt, and we are praying, believing and fighting, trusting God who is Almighty.—Yours to win, A. Norman.

**Gravenhurst**.—Glory be to God, we are not dead nor dying. God is very near us and five precious souls have accepted Christ up their cross and many more are under deep conviction. We are here for victory in spite of the devil. Hallelujah!—Mokatmoqua, Captain.

**Halifax II.**—Arrived here a few days ago and found the soldiers all alive at our welcome meeting. God bless them Sunday was a remarkable day. God poured out His Spirit and two souls came to the Cross—one for holiness and one for salvation. Two happy lads from H. M. S. "Kensington," with us all day.—Captain and Mrs. Thompson.

**Victoria, B. C.**—Meetings real good. Captain Allison farewelled Sunday. Gone to push on the war at Nanaimo. May God bless her with success. Our crowds not so large as they might be. Hot weather and lots of outside attractions, are against us; still we march on doing our best.—Yours in the fight.—M. L.

**Revelstoke, B. C.**—Devil defeated again. After a desperate struggle two souls volunteers were sent out from the ranks of the enemy and came over on the side of God and right. Hallelujah! To God be all the glory.—Lieutenant L. Meredith.

**Most**.—We have had good times since coming here. Crowds and finances good, and two souls have sought the Saviour. We are believing for greater victories in the near future. Billings is all right.—Lieutenant C. Walrath, for Captain Bowers.

**Nelson, B. C.**—Our 7 a.m. knee-drill are all right. One sister came a week ago for the first time, although a soldier for some years, and was very glad she came. Five souls Sunday night and one at the knee-drill next morning. Our band is coming on finely. Had their new uniform for Dominion Day. The sisters look well in their new bonnets, and all round they are moving in the right direction.—Beth.

**Blenheim**.—Ice cream social a grand success. D. O. Hughes and Chatham came in attendance. Ensign Raynor and Lieutenant Carr made us a final farewell. Comrades and friends turned out, and Saturday welcome meeting to Captain Coy. Good meetings all day Sunday, and well attended.—Ina Groom, Reg Cor.

**Keweenaw**.—Last Friday night we had Captain Wilkins and Captain Chappell Ratner with us, and we all enjoyed the musical meeting. God bless the hand and may they pray as well as play many souls into the Kingdom. We also had a beautiful time on Sunday night.—Yours near the cross, Mrs. H. Clark, R. C., J. S. S.-M.

**Toronto, N. D.**—The officers and soldiers have returned home in a joyful and happy mood, after spending several days at a camp meeting which were held at Grand Forks. All report a glorious time and feel strengthened and more determined for the war. The Junior Sergeants opened a Junior Sunday School nine miles West of town. They report K. and C. are now in command. The new Junior Sergeants, God be with you. Lieutenant Anderson farewelled Sunday. She leaves for Lisbon next Friday. May the blessing of God go with her. "God be with you till we meet again."—Yours in the war, C. H. Beaven, Sergt.

**Virden, Man.**—Ensign Cummings has been with us for three days. Good meetings but no souls. Mrs. Captain Cromarty is on furlough in the Old Land (England) but the Captain is still fighting hard, and with God for us, we shall have victory.—Yours, Wm. McCue, R. C.

**Calgary**.—Ensign Hayes and Captain Nicholls, who have been a blessing to

Calgary for the past nine months, farewelled on Sunday to go to Regina. They enrolled three soldiers in the night meeting, which makes a larger list of soldiers enrolled during their stay than those in the past few years. Hallelujah!—Mrs. W. McNeilly.

**Lethbridge**.—We are still pressing forward with our work to the foe. Captain Burton and Lieutenant Gatzke farewelled. Captain McCutcheon and Lieut. Baird have come to push on the war.

**Morley**.—King Jesus is leading and we mean to know no defeat. Open-air and crowds good. Hallelujah! Jesus lives to save.

**Napoleon**.—Glory! Since last heard from we have had good meetings. One soul volunteered for Christ. Believing for more.—Maud Dine, for Lieutenant McFarlane.

**Brighton**.—We are still at the war. Lieutenant Owen farewelled, said farewell orders and came to Kempville (in charge pro tem). May God's presence go with him.—Captain Kirkwood.

**Guelph**.—Guelph is O. K. The opportunities are perfect, with an open Park, open jail and a good prison, and open-hearted people; while our equipment is A. I. with brass bands, soloists, speakers (both blood-and-flesh and other kind). We fight to win. We cry out for more of God. Hallelujah! Colonel Jacobs, with us a week-end. Three times average income, and three inspired, bright we express the feelings of all.—F. M. K.

**Ridgeway**.—Yesterday was one of the best days we have had for a long time.

to obey God more perfectly, and seven of them knelt at the platform front, where they got the help so craved for. No doubt there must have been present at our open-air meeting at Alice and Yonge street corner, and at the meeting inside two souls got converted.—F. Zurhorst, S. C.

**Liverpool, N. S.**—Captain and Mrs. Parsons followed Sunday after spending thirteen months here. They have gone to Brighton. We wish them God-speed. Captain Lorimer, the big man, takes charge. In God we trust.—Lieutenant H. Hamilton.

**Montreal I.**—On Sunday Ensign Allen, Captain Vance and Lieutenant Radish said good-bye and are leaving for other parts of the field. They have only been here a short time, but we believe they have been a blessing to many. They have also succeeded in making a big reduction in the debt of the corps. Sunday night a brother and sister came out and testified that the Lord saved them. Ensign Sims was with us for a few days.—C. Harding.

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were enrolled. Adjutant McGillivray gave us a farewell meeting. Captain McLean and Lieutenant Tranton have arrived to take charge. This is an old battleground of Captain McLean's. We pray that victory may be ours.—Mattie Gamble, Reg. Cor.

**Montreal II.**—Ensign Sims, with his lantern, paid us a visit. These lantern services are well appreciated. Quite a good crowd turned out to join in our armistice meeting on to victory. God is with us and we are sure to conquer.—W. Goodale, R. C.

**Peterboro**.—Saturday night and all day Sunday we had a good meeting. Adjutant Alcock, God bless him. We have Adjutant a proper one to help us in our armistice meeting on to victory. God is with us and we are sure to conquer.—Peterboro, Reg. Cor.

**Cornwall, Ont.**—We have just welcomed to our corps Adjutant and Mrs. Bradley. Saturday and Sunday good meetings. Sunday evening's meeting was one of power. Mrs. Bradley spoke with God's truth and the plain followed with a reverent prayer meeting. One sister came to the Fountain open for sin. We are believing for many more. We are in to help and cheer our new officers all we can.—Corps Correspondent Robert A. Douglas.

**Lisbon**.—Our D. O., Adjutant Thomas, gave us a farewell visit on the 4th of July, Day of Independence. It being a holiday great crowds thronged our streets so we took the advice of the adjutant and closed the College upon the people. Great interest was manifested by them, and they gave very liberally in the collection. We believe also that many hearts were melted and eternity will reveal good accomplished. To God be all the glory.—Yours in the war, Captain and Mrs. Westcott.

**Lisgar Street**.—Cottage meetings booming up great. Three out at the last cottage meeting. Good open-air large crowds. Adjutant Wright, the big man, said to show the people how God is able to keep you saved if you'll let Him. He called eleven ex-drunkards whom God and the S. A. had rescued from a sinful drunkard's life, some over two years, some three, and up to fifteen years. It was a noble sight to see and hear their testimonies. Amen!—Brother S. McFarland, Reg. Cor.

**Sudbury**.—Business for eternity is now transacted around the corner. Mr. J. S. Miller's hall, next door to the Post Office, having moved from Elgin Street. A kind friend said to me, saying that he would leave chairs with us for our barracks. All have worked like Trojans, and a comfortable little place has been fitted up. In the open-air Saturday night, a bill was thrown on the drum set. Money is to be seen every where up here. During the service fellow walked out of the hotel with a \$ bill over his eye. One buckskinner returned home. We're going on.—N. R. Trickey.

**Minnedosa, Man.**—Farewell meeting at Omamacare last Sunday. Sister Mrs. Mayes and her four Juniors farewelled to go to Pearson, where her husband had gone some time previous. When Sister Mayes stood up and sang, "God be with you till we meet again," it seemed that every soul in the audience was just satisfied. After singing she gave her sister straight testimony and then exhorted sinners to leave sin and turn to God. Many were under deep conviction, but alas, none would yield to the strivings of God's spirit.—Lieutenant N. Anderson.

### Corps Correspondents.

The following have been appointed:

**SISTER MARY J. WELDON**, Chestey, Ont., July 7th, 1888.

**SISTER MRS. CORNEIL**, Omamacare, July 7th, 1888.

**BROTHER MOSES LINTON**, Uxbridge, Ont., July 7th, 1888.

**BROTHER OLIVEY**, Newmarket, Ont., July 7th, 1888.

**SISTER MRS. HOLLYER**, Ahmire Harbor, Ont., July 7th, 1888.

**BROTHER ALBERT CASTER**, Orillia, Ont., July 7th, 1888.

**SISTER LOUISE STEPHENS**, Midland, Ont., July 7th, 1888.

**BROTHER JOHN EQUIMAUX**, Little Current, Ont., July 7th, 1888.

**BROTHER GEORGE MASKELL**, Bracebridge, Ont., July 7th, 1888.

**BROTHER CLARK**, Collingwood, Ont., July 7th, 1888.

**SISTER BERTHA DAVIS**, Huntsville, Ont., July 7th, 1888.

**SISTER FLORENCE MOFFATT**, Fenelon Falls, Ont., July 7th, 1888.



**VICTORIA, B.C., OFFICERS' QUARTERS, WITH ADJUTANT AND MRS. AYRE.**

Digby, N. S.—We have just said farewell to Captain French and Lieutenant McCloud. They have fought a good fight while here, and welcomed Captain McCloud to our midst.—Sidney Dakin, R. C.

**Houlton**.—Captain Piercy and Lieutenant Gray have lately taken up their abode in this city. We are believing in for a great revival in this place soon. Five raised their hands for prayer during past week.—Emily White, Reg. Cor.

**Portage la Prairie**.—Victory! Two more souls for salvation. Praise God. Sunday we were glad to welcome back the former Bandmaster Snyder, who has been sick for some time. Victory for Portage la Prairie, Reg. Cor.

**St. Thomas**.—Good meetings yesterday. One band at drumhead in the open-air at 6 o'clock at night. We commenced our new barracks to-day. We are in for victory. Soldiers on fire, getting more of God.—H. Freeman.

**Citation**.—The devil defeated. Wonderful meeting on Sunday night. God gave us the victory, and one dear sister (whose husband was converted a few weeks ago) came and knelt at the feet of Jesus and found deliverance. Glory to Jesus in the light, Ida Bezzo, Reg. Cor.

**Temple**.—Our open-air meetings are larger than indoor at present, and crowds give splendid attention. A most remarkable holiness meeting was led by Adjutant Barnes Sunday evening. Many comrades stood up promising

The knee-drill was the largest for six months. Holliston meeting was a season of refreshing, but the night meeting was the crowning time. Adjutant Goodwin, on her way to Ottawa, and Ensign Middle Green, on furlough, were with us. We had a soul in the Fountain, a real good case we believe, and had a real time wind-up.—Yours to win, Captain and Mrs. McLeod.

**Dovercourt**.—Since you last heard from us we have had the joy of seeing prodigals returning home. Our brothers have long been feeding on the husks of the world, but failed to find satisfaction, but the Lord has freely pardoned all the past. Now they are saved and happy. One brother walked five miles to give his heart to God.—Yours to win, Lieutenant Dora, for Captain Chappell.

**St. John III.**—On Sunday night our officers farewelled. Tuesday night the meeting was led by Capt. T. Y. Ross, who recently came to the Provincial Headquarters. The infant child of Brother and Sister Coates was dedicated to the Lord. Brother Coates was also commissioned Drum Sergeant. Also an enrollment of three recruits. Lieutenant Green, Captain and Lieut. and Lieutenant Green took charge. We are believing for great victories during their stay.—Emma Sharp.

**Citizens**.—After eight months' hard lighting Captain Lorimer and Lieutenant Green have said good-bye. God has blessed their labor and souls have been saved. On Tuesday night three comrades

# THE WAR CRY.

**Halifax I.—Farewell meetings on Sunday, it being the occasion of the farewell of Adjutant Alkenhead, Captain Goodwin and Lieutenant Cowan from this corps after much faithful service and success in their soul's cause. The Adjutant, as leader, has been most successful, and has been the means in God's hands of infusing new life into this corps. May the Lord bless her in her new appointment. We feel sorry to part with such a godly, prayerful, self-sacrificing and hard-working leader, leaving only to benefit others' gain; and also the Captain and Lieutenant, may the Lord bless them in Lunenburg, N. S., and give them victory over every difficulty, and precious reward for their hire. Friday night a united meeting was held to our new leaders, Adjutant McGivern, and me and Captain Hayman. They received an enthusiastic welcome from the soldiers. We believe they are all right, and will no doubt lead us on to victory. Good meetings on Sunday, and one soul at the Cross.—Treasurer Caslin.**

## THE NORTH-WEST'S BABY CORPS.

**Lethbridge**—At last the Salvation Army has proclaimed war against the powers of darkness in the Town of Lethbridge. The first shot was fired on Saturday night, July 2d, 1888. Lieutenant and myself stood in the fort of darkness in front of one of the streets. The town band kindly lent us their drum for the event. We had a large crowd out in the open-air, and they gave us \$5.00 on the drum in a few minutes. We had a good time inside and many were taken hold of by the spirit of God. Five have professed to go right with God, and quite a number have held up their hands to be prayed for. We are believing for great victories in this place. The Mounted Police are very kind and will render any assistance needed. One hotel keeper, as we were passing his place, held an open-air meeting, ordered all the people out from the bar room and billiard rooms and said, "Now, you must listen to the Army girls, for I believe they are all right. Of course they Ascended. The people are very kind in giving us things for the quarters. We came to pay all our opening expenses clear in a few weeks. Most of the working people here are miners, and I believe they are the best, kind-hearted people one could wish to meet. We are praying for them to get saved—Yours for the salvation of the people."—Anne Hurst, Captain, Lizzie Baeson, Lieutenant.

## THE HEARTS STORY.

I will not doubt, though all my ships at once  
Come drifting home with broken masts  
and sails.  
I will believe the Hand which never  
fails—  
From seeming evil worketh good for me;  
And though I weep because those sails  
are tattered.  
Still will I cry, while my best hopes are  
shattered.  
"I trust in Thee."

I will not doubt, though all my prayers  
return  
Unanswer'd from the still white realm  
above;  
I will believe it is an all-wise love  
Which has refused these things for which  
I yearn;  
And though at times I cannot keep from  
grieving,  
Yet the pure ardour of my fixed believ-  
ing  
Undimmed shall burn.

I will not doubt, though arrows fall like  
rain,  
And troubles swarm like bees about a  
hive;  
I will believe the heights for which I  
strive  
Are only reached by anguish and by pain.  
And, though I groan and writhe be-  
neath my crosses,  
I yet shall see through my severest  
losses,  
The greater gain.

I will not doubt. Well apportioned in this  
faith,  
Like some staunch ship, my soul braves  
every gale;  
So strong its courage will not quail  
To breast the mighty unknown sea of  
death.  
Oh! I cry, though body parts with  
spirit,  
"I do not doubt," so listening worlds  
may hear it,  
With my last breath!

—Author unknown.

No one ever lost his way through  
following Christ.

—A letter to hand from Ensign Morris, has the printed heading, "Klondike District." Hurrah for our latest Missionary Field!

## OUR PLATFORM.

### Our Witness Box.

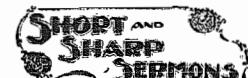
#### CAPTAIN MAGGIE HILL.

**A**BOUT eight years ago I came to Jesus, a poor, weary sin-sick soul, and sought and found forgiveness of sins. After eight years experience as a follower of God, nearly five of which have been spent at the front of the fight as an officer, I feel thankful to



**CAPTAIN MAGGIE HILL,**  
St. Johnsbury, Vt.

God for the victories He has given me, and today I love God and the fight more than ever before. By God's grace I mean to be a faithful soldier, one that God can depend upon, until He said, "It is enough, come up higher."



GOOD, BUT SHALLOW.

**S**HE is very good, but shallow, I am afraid." Such was the remark I was obliged to make of one who had come here for Christian advice—a character unkind, with continual sarcasm, could be said, but concerning whom I intuitively felt that a nothing much had taken a very deep root—a want of depth, a want of power, a want of very earnest spirit, and such the world is filled with—leaving next to no influence upon people who think for themselves—or those who desire reality—or the great world of sinners lying outside. In our hearts is the seed sown on stony ground, which having no depth of earth soon are withered away, and longing for trifles, or are we in trifles, living for eternal realities? Are you real?—Captain Buddhavanti, India.

—(—)

**SHUN NOT AT ALL.**

**D**ON'T snub boy because he wears shabby clothes. When Edison, the inventor of the telephone, first entered New York, he wore a pair of yellow linen breeches in the depth of winter. Don't snub a boy because his home is plain and unpretending: Abraham Lincoln's home was a log cabin. Don't snub a boy because of the ignorance of his parents: Shakespeare, the world's best writer, was born in a thatched cottage unable to write his own name. Don't snub a boy because he chooses a humble trade: the author of Prodigy's Progress was a tinker. Don't snub a boy because of his physical disability: Milton was blind. Don't snub a boy because he studies: Demosthenes, the greatest orator of Greece, overcame a harsh and stammering voice. Don't snub anyone not alone because someday they may outstrip you in the race of life, but because it is neither kind, nor right, nor Christian.

—(—)

**BIBLE NOTE.**

"Their throat is an open sepulchre," Rom. III. 13.

Notice that imagery—AN OPEN SEPULCHRE—and the Book never lies.

A sepulchre is a place of death. It contains dead men's bones, its associations are rotteness, decay, stink, mould, and their throat is an open place of that sort. The Lord deliver us. C.

**305. GOWNLAY, MRS. JESSIE.** Her late husband was a Demorestoville, Prince Edward Co., Ont. Will she, or any person knowing her present whereabouts, please send us her address?

**306. PETERS, MRS. C. (neé Burnett).** Last known address was Wellington, Ont. We would like to be informed at once of her present whereabouts.

**307. TWAITS, ARTHUR.** Sailed from Gravesend, England, for Vancouver four years ago in the "Lismoor." Will he or any person acquainted with his whereabouts please write to us at once.

**308. WARDMAN, HARRY.** Is supposed to be either in Toronto, or Quebec in business as a book dealer. Please send his address to us a relative enquiry.

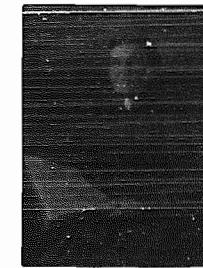
**309. ROSE, WILLIAM F. Age 33 years, born at Battersea, was put in MacPherson's Orphans' Home, at Spitalfields, London, England. Came to Canada in July, 1875, with a party of boys. His father, Wm. Rose, was a soldier in the British Army, and his mother a widow, confined, poor, and Harry. He would like to hear from above, or any relatives.**

**309. MILLIGAN, JOHN.** A native of County Armagh, Ireland. Came to the United States about 40 years ago. When last heard from was an employee at an Insane Asylum, Utica, N. Y. Any information whatever of the said John Milligan will be thankfully received. Address, Miss Eva Booth, S. A. Temple, Toronto.

—(—)

Second Insertion.

**303. NOBLE, WILLIAM.** About 67 years old. Single, poorly marked. Son by trade. His wife's maiden name was Ann McFarland. No children, but one adopted girl. Last heard from at Wyandotte, Kansas. United States Cry please copy.



**SECRETARY CARRIE MCQUEEN**  
of Windsor, Ontario,

Is interested in the War Cry sales, and finds time to sell on an average 30 every week in Walkerville, where the Army has lots of friends.

**COMING EVENTS**

**LOOK OUT FOR THE VISITORS**

**BRIGADIER MARGETTE.**

**Frederator, July 30, 31. St. John I. August 1, 2—Aug. 2, 2:30 p.m. officers' meeting; half-night of prayer from 8 to 11. St. John II. August 3. St. John III. August 4. Digby, August 5. Yarmouth, August 6, 7. Bear River, August 8. Annapolis, August 9. Windsor, August 10. Dartmouth, August 11. Halifax I, August 12—2:30 p.m. officers' meeting; half night of prayer from 8 to 11 p.m. Halifax II, August 12. Halifax I, August 14. Truro, August 15. New Glasgow, August 16—Aug. 17, 2:30 p.m. officers' meeting; 8 p.m., half-night of prayer. North Sydney, August 18.**

## C. B. M. Prov. Agents' Appointments.

**CAPTAIN COLLIER**—Clinton August 15; Bayfield, August 18, 19; Goderich, August 20, 21; Wingham, August 22, 23; Tecumseh, August 24; Walkerton, August 25; Clifford August 26; Palmerston 27, 28; Listowel, August 29; Drayton, August 30; Rothsay, August 31.

**ENSIGN ANDREWS**—Aurora, August 8; Newmarket, August 9; Holland Land, August 12; Guelph, August 13; Barrie, August 14; Galt, August 15; Waterloo, August 16; Russellton, August 17; Farris, August 18; Uxbridge, August 19; Coldwater, August 23; Midland, August 20, 21; Peterborough, August 22; Gravenhurst, August 23; Brudenell, August 24; Bracebridge, August 25, 26; Huntsville, August 27, 28; Bala, August 29; Newmarket, August 29; Ahmic Lake, August 30; Duncunich, August 31.

# HUSTLING IN THE HEAT!

In Desperation Bennett Sends His Totals to the Top—Not Yet Melted, 11  
Hargrave in Second—Southall, Slightly Affected by the  
Intense Heat, Takes Third Place.

THIS WEEK'S TOTALS: HUSTLERS, 233; SALES, \$667.

## EAST ONTARIO.

Hustlers, 52.—	—  Sales, 2,156.
Capt. Wilson, St. Albans	150
Ensler, Walker, Belleville	145
Sergt. Mrs. Duddy, Ottawa (av. 2 wks)	120
Sergt. Perkins, Barrie	104
Lieut. McFarlane, Napanee	99
Lieut. Woods, Morrisburg	97
Lieut. Goss, Montreal	95
Mrs. Simons, Kingston	92
Lieut. Norman, Quebec	90
Lieut. Clegg, St. Albans	89
Mrs. Adj't. Blackburn, Picton	86
Capt. Norman, Pembroke	86
Capt. Lalond, Renfrew	85
Lieut. Dawson, Stratford	84
Capt. Moore, Millbrook	83
Lieut. Dora, Deseronto	82
Capt. Chappell, Deseronto	82
Treas. Gillan, Renfrew	80
Sergt. Thompson, Belleville	79
Sister Richen, Montreal IV	78
Ensign Kendall, Cobourg	76
Capt. Conner, Port Hope	75
Mrs. Hamilton, Ottawa (av. 2 wks.)	73
Sister Belinda, Belleville	70
Sister Lydia, Picton	69
Lieut. Dawson, Pembroke	68
Sergt. Jennings, Ottawa (av. 2 wks.)	67
Erma Watson, Kingston	66
Sister Chillingworth, Montreal IV	65
Capt. Williams, Port Hope	63
Mrs. Hamilton, Ottawa (av. 2 wks.)	62
Sister Belinda, Belleville	60
Sister Lydia, Picton	59
Lieut. Dawson, Pembroke	58
Sergt. Jennings, Ottawa (av. 2 wks.)	57
Capt. McAmmond, Kingston	56
Sergt.—Major Russel, Millbrook	55
Lieut. Dora, Cobourg	55
Sister Maud Wilson, Ottawa	54
Mrs. Dillworth, Ottawa	53
Mrs. Adj't. McAmmons, Kingston	53
Capt. Green, Kingston	52
Adj't. Blackburn, Picton	52
Sister Anna Downey, Kingston	52
Birdie McNamee, Kingston	51
Cand. Hoole, Montreal II	50
Sergt. Ross, Barrie	49
Mrs. Murray, Picton	49
Capt. Clegg, Sunbury	49
Sister Spooner, Barrie	49
Capt. Kirkwood, Brighton	48
Sister Ada Hayes, Napanee	47
Ensign Parker, Quebec	46
Capt. Comstock, Morrisburg (av. 2 wks.)	45
Sister Lydia, Picton	45
Mrs. Juby, Picton	45
Capt. Jones, Brampton	44
Sergt. Mrs. Stevens, St. Catharines	43
S.-M. Bowden, Lethbridge	42
S.-M. Bowden, St. Catharines	41
Cadet Grabs, Lippincott	40
Capt. Horwood, Lippincott	40
Ensign Cameron, Riverdale	39
Bro. Case, Hamilton I.	38
Cand. Gouda, Social Farm (av. 2 wks.)	37
Sergt. Munro, St. Catharines	36
Mrs. Skedden, Hamilton I.	35
Sergt. Pearce, Temple	34
Lieut. Wadge, Riversdale	33
Sergt. Ida Murdoch, Ligar	32
S.-M. Bowden, Lethbridge	31
Bro. Bowden, Temple	30
Edgar Savage, St. Catharines	29
Capt. Stolliker, Riverside	28
Mrs. Capt. Jones, Brampton	27
Capt. Jones, Brampton	26
Sergt. Mrs. Stevens, St. Catharines	25
S.-M. Bowden, Lethbridge	24
Cadet Grabs, Lippincott	23
Capt. Horwood, Lippincott	22
Ensign Cameron, Riverdale	21
Bro. Case, Hamilton I.	20
Cand. Gouda, Social Farm (av. 2 wks.)	19
Sergt. Munro, St. Catharines	18
Mrs. Skedden, Lethbridge	17
Cand. Kennie, Temple	16
Sergt. Small, St. Catharines	15
Cand. Lambert, Temple	14
Cadet Young, Lethbridge	13
Capt. Horwood, Lethbridge	12
Uncle George, Hamilton I.	11
Carrie Brass, Hamilton I.	10
Sister Loke, Temple	9
Mrs. Moore, Yorkville	8
Adj't. Wiggins, Ligon	7
Cadet Grabs, Lippincott	6
Capt. Horwood, Lippincott	5
Mrs. Thatcher, Hamilton I.	4
S.-M. Bradley, Temple	3
Jesse Lightfoot, Hamilton I.	2
Father Curry, Hamilton II	1
Lieut. Peacock, Yorkville	1
Capt. Rowe, Yorkville	1
Mrs. Davey, Eriolton	1
Sister Garvey, Temple	1
WEST ONTARIO	
Hustlers, 44.—	—  Sales, 2,114.
Mrs. Hoffmann, Woodstock	210
Capt. Hoffmann, London	145
Lieut. Bonny, Bradford	129
Ensler Collitt, Stratford	85
Capt. Hoverot, Goderich	80
Adj't. Coombs, London	78
Capt. Fell, Palmerston	70
Lieut. Burrows, Sarnia	70
Sister Graham, Halifax I.	27
Sergt. Rodgers, Windsor (av. 2 wks.)	26
Sister Mary Pollock, Fredericton (av. 2 wks.)	26
Capt. Campbell, Kentville	25
Lieut. Held, Kentville	25
Sergt. Irons, Elgin	25
Monsignor, Getham	25
Sister Maud Beatty, Fredericton	25
Sister Little Lechans, Fredericton (av. 2 wks.)	25
Sister Susie Liebans, Fredericton (av. 2 wks.)	25
Sister Horton, Moncton	15
Mrs. Roberts, Port Elgin	15
Ross Wright, Halifax I.	15
CENTRAL ONTARIO, Northern Section	
Hustlers, 25.—	—  Sales, 781.
Sergt. Miles, Rock, Chatham	61
Sergt. McDougall, Goderich	61
Mrs. Martin, St. Thomas	61
Sergt. Gentle Yeoman, Chatham	61
Lieut. Copeman, Clinton	61
Sister Hattie Erbe, Berlin	61
Capt. McCutcheon, Brantford	61
Ensign Raynor, Paris	61
Capt. Huntingdon, Stratford	61
Sister Emma Dennis, Guelph	61
Lieut. Hodges, Stratford	61
Mrs. Glime, Simeon (av. 3 wks.)	61
Capt. Freeman, St. Thomas	61
Lieut. Hart, Paris	61
Mrs. Glime, Simeon (av. 3 wks.)	61
Sister M. Haldane, Stratford	61
Sister Mary Schuster, Berlin	61
Lieut. Jordison, Bothwell	61
Lieut. Mumford, Palmerston	61
Capt. Donaldson, Brantford	61
Sister Nancy, Norfolk, London	61
Mother Goodchild, St. Thomas	61
S.-M. Graham, Thameville	61
Sister Annie Hampton, St. Thomas	61
Ensign McKenzie, Guelph	61
Sister Grace Craft, Chatham	61
S.-M. Cook, Clinton	61
Sergt. Hockings, St. Thomas	61
Hustlers, 25.—	—  Sales, 781.
Sergt. Miles, Barrie I.	63
Sergt. Mrs. Bone, Barrie	63
Capt. Barker, Newmarket	63
Lieut. Dales, Newmarket	63
Capt. McCann, North Bay	63
Lieut. Capper, Barrie	63
Sergt. Lucy Fair, Bracebridge	63
Capt. Charles, Paris, Sudbury	63
Brooks, Attwell, Orillia	63
Sergt. Gray, Midland (av. 3 wks.)	63
Lieut. Mainland, North Bay	63
Capt. Mitchell, Chesley	63
Mrs. Dyker, Orillia	63
Lieut. Felt, Stroud	63
Capt. O'Neil, Orillia	63
Lieut. Marshall, Orillio	63
Capt. Glass, Parry Sound	63
Capt. Nelson, Ormecme	63
Lieut. Bloss, Peterborough	63
Bro. M. Green, Norland	63
Bro. Langridge, Huntsville	63
Cadet Young, Bracebridge	63
Adj't. Moore, Bracebridge	63
Sister Elery Fenlon Falls	63
S.-M. Menzies, Fenlon Falls	63

## PROOF POSITIVE.



"Waal, boys, youse may laugh—but I tells ye Steve's saved all right; Why I seen him down the street just now a'selling War Crys."

Sergt. Mrs. Harris, London	15
Sergt. Palmer, London	15
Sergt. Mrs. Butt, London	15
Sister Mary Knuckie, Goderich	15
Sister Annie Thompson, Sarnia	15

## EASTERN PROVINCE.

Hustlers, 37.—	—  Sales, 1,535.
Sister Minnie Smith, Windsor (av. 2 wks.)	208
Lieut. Cowan, Halifax I.	199
Capt. Horwood, Charlottetown (av. 2 wks.)	177
Lieut. Cowan, Halifax I.	107
Capt. Horwood, Charlottetown	100
Capt. Goodwin, Halifax I.	99
Sis. Maggie Graham, Charlottetown	88
Sec. Ellis, Charlottetown	81
J. S. Sergt. Vaughan, Charlottetown (av. 2 wks.)	59
S.-M. Cuthbertson, Morton	59
Mrs. Felt, Charlottetown	55
Mrs. Capt. Bowering, Glace Bay	55
Sister Maggie Holden, Windsor (av. 2 wks.)	55
Capt. Bowering, Glace Bay (av. 2 wks.)	55
Sister Addie, Digby	49
S.-M. Chase, Digby	49
Lieut. Muttart, Woodstock	39
Capt. Jennings, Chatham	34
Lieut. Bonham, Chatham	34
Capt. Ferguson, Glace Bay	33
Sister Mrs. Creas, Woodstock	30
Mary Ferguson, Charlottetown	30
Sister Rennie, St. Johns I.	30

## NORTH-WEST.

Hustlers, 11.—	—  Sales, 450.
Ensign Hayes, Fargo (av. 2 wks.)	82
Lieut. Woodworth, Portage la Prairie	50
Sergt. Angie Biggs, Jamestown	49
Capt. Felt, Charlottetown	49
Bro. Amman, Portage la Prairie	49
Capt. Ledrew, Jamestown	49
Frances Mitchell, Calgary	36
Adj't. McNaurn, Jamestown	36
Sergt. McLeod, Edmonton	27
Uncle Dan Rose, Neepawa	27
Cand. McRae, Minnedosa	27
Lieut. Anderson, Minnedosa	15

## PACIFIC.

Hustlers, 11.—	—  Sales, 673.
Sister Lewis, Victoria	109
Sister Fortune, Great Falls (av. 2 wks.)	94
Lieut. Gandy, Victoria	94
Wairath, Lewiston	55
Cadet Allison, Victoria	55
Capt. F. Bowers, Lewiston	47
Mrs. Adj't. Ayre, Victoria	47
Treas. Mr. Bury, New Westcom	33
Kate Kerr, Great Falls (av. 2 wks.)	33
Lieut. Willett, Great Falls	33

## NEWFOUNDLAND.

Hustlers, 7.—	—  Sales, 207.
Cadet Sparks, St. Johns I.	60
Sergt. Lyons, St. Johns I.	59
Sister Smith, St. Johns I.	21
Sister Rennie, St. Johns I.	20

Sister Rowe, St. Johns I. .... 20

Sister Fisher, St. Johns I. .... 20

Sergt. Wyatt, St. Johns I. .... 17

Is it possible? Increase? F. P. can hardly believe it. At any rate our hustlers this week demonstrate that it is possible, despite the heat, to sit—and not meditate—melt.

Ah! A hungry thought striketh the melting one. Maybe the cause of the melting is the setting. At any rate our hustlers this week demonstrate that it is possible, despite the heat, to sit—and increase.

I appeal to all sympathetic hustlers for their opinion on the following: "Dear P. We have sounded the broach, and taken up our position, especially at last. The drought II shall bite the dust. As for B., of the East, we shall show him a thing or two before many weeks are over. This is but a start, and only half the mite at which we are capable of going."

The sounds desperate, and caustic the pulse of the humble one to beat the faster. But stay! There is a saving clause. This remarkable epistle ends with the following: "You and I may yet embrace over a soda lemon and ice cream."

At the very thought of ice cream, F. P. is cooled.

Bennett's accomplishment this week in the East Ontario Province, brings very forcibly to F. P.'s mind the words of the immortal bard of Stratford-on-Avon, "RICHARD IS HIMSELF AGAIN!"

The foot is certainly worthy in well doing.

The following is full of contrition. I am feeling somewhat guilty and will repent, and do confess I could have helped you a little in the past. As I had not large figures for sales of War Crys I did not see fit to tell you, but here goes to be better in the future.

You all forgive me again, one, only don't forget the doing better, and I must say in closing, "Be not weary in well doing."

Yours merrily,

FOUNTAIN PEN.

A splendid victory has been won in securing and converting the former "World's Saloon" into a Salvation Army barracks. This repeated success in the conversion of barracks has been the chief difficulty for years past in Spokane. No sooner were we in possession of a likely place than we were informed by our landlord that on account of this and that and the other, an offer of higher rent being mostly the reason, we had better go on the market again. A suitable place for our purpose was not always found, hence our dear comrades were "shifted about in great style," according to Western dialect. At times the meetings were held in the open air only, the next time we were probably found in a tent, the following in a converted stable, and the Mayor of the city very kindly gave us the use of the City Hall, etc., etc., but now with great joy the sentence passed on the lips of every Salvationist here, "We have a home!"

"The World's Saloon" was known in those days as one of the devil's most thorough groceries. Sin and vice in their different branches abounded there in an unlimited measure, but to-day, after some sweat of brow, and some hard toll and self-sacrifice, on the part of the officers and soldiers, we have been successful in securing this place for a number of years, and making it into a birthplace of souls.

A three day's special opening campaign had been planned. The Provincial and City Star, the Washington Marine Band, besides the local corps were to the front. The new barracks with seating capacity for over 300 people looked like an apple of divine favor. Collections, including donations amounted to \$300, no that all debt is nearly wiped off to begin with. God bless the liberal givers. Nine souls for circumcision and pardon. A splendid interest was manifested by all—C. A.

## LOANS! LOANS! LOANS!

ANY PERSON PAYING MONEY TO INVEST QUARTERS FOR INFORMATION. WE CAN GET YOU MORE RELIABLE SECURITIES FOR LARGE OR SMALL SUMS. FULL PARTICULARS CAN BE HAD FROM MASON BROS., CORNER JAMES AND ALBERT STREETS, TORONTO.

# SONGS

## Holiness Song.

Tune.—I have heard of a Saviour's love,  
**1** Who can say that my heart is made clean?  
 I am pure from the stains of my sin.  
 I have found in this wonderful stream,  
 Heart-cleansing and healing within?

Chorus.

Yes, oh yes, you may come to this wonderful stream,  
**2** Yes, oh yes, there's cleansing and healing within.

Can you say in my heart reigns supreme?  
 A constant desire for the fight,

To suffer this poor world to redeem,  
 For service I'm ready to-night?

Will you come to this all-cleansing Blood?

Will you wash all your weakness away?

You will find in the fullness of God Power to help you live holy each day.

Adjutant Archibald.

## Hallelujah for Ever!

Tune.—Beulah land,  
**2** I'll hasten on my King to meet,  
 And cast my crown at Jesus' feet,  
 The ransom paid, the victory won,  
 Long to hear His glad "Well done!"

Chorus.

And, oh, what rapture in the thought,  
 One soul to glory to have brought,  
 So, Hallelujah! loud and long,  
 Now and forever by my song!  
 So, Hallelujah! loud and long,  
 Now and forever by my song!

Perchance to heaven one day, to me,  
 Some blessed saint will come and say,  
 "All hail! beloved, but for thee,  
 My soul to death had been a prey."

The day is ours, there's no defeat,  
 Though oft we march with weary feet,  
 We'll stand at last around the Throne,  
 No more farewells when we reach home.

## Come to my Redeemer.

Tune.—We are out on the ocean sailing,  
**3** I have found a friend in Jesus,  
 And He's very dear to me,  
 He my load of sin has taken,  
 And from bondage set me free.

Chorus.

Come, oh, come to my Redeemer.  
 Come, oh, come, He'll set you free,  
 Heal your wounded, broken spirit,  
 Give you peace and liberty.

I can trust my Friend, so precious,  
 He's the One who knows my heart,  
 Cleansed my soul from sin's corruption,  
 Saves from all, and not a part.

Sinner friend, come to my Saviour,  
 Let Him save thy guilty soul,  
 Give you joy where now ye're sorrow,  
 Bid ye rise and be made whole.

Lieutenant Mainprize.

## Just as You Are.

Tune.—Just as I am, without one plea.

**4** Just as thou art, without one trace  
 Of love or joy or inward grace,  
 Or meekness for the heavenly place,  
 Oh, guilty sinner, come, oh, come.

Burdened with guilt, wouldst thou be blest?

Trust not the world—it gives no rest;  
 Christ brings relief to hearts oppressed;  
 Oh, weary sinner, come, oh, come!

Come, leave thy burden at the Cross,  
 Count all thy gains but empty dross,  
 His grace repays all earthly loss;  
 Oh, needy sinner, come, oh, come!

Come thither, bring thy burden fearing,  
 Thine aching head, thy bursting tears,  
 'Tis mercy's voice salutes thine ears;  
 Oh, trembling sinner, come, oh, come!

The Spirit and the Bride say "Come;"  
 Rejoicing saints re-echo "Come;"  
 Who waits, who thirsts, who will, may come,  
 Thy Saviour bids thee come, oh come!

## Out of Love.

Tunes.—Better world: Christ for me; or What's the news?

**5** Yes, Jesus left His home on high,  
 To suffer death for you and I,  
 Out of love, out of love!  
 Our awful sins were on Him rolled,  
 Oh, look, poor sinner, and behold!  
 He shed His precious blood, we're told,  
 Out of love, out of love!

He had nowhere His head to lay,  
 Out of love, out of love!  
 He walked the streets both night and day,  
 Out of love, out of love!

Oh, sinner, will you now begin,  
 Take up your cross and follow Him?  
 He's promised He would take you in,  
 Out of love, out of love!

Oh, sinner, will you stop and think  
 Of His love, of His love?  
 To have His hands and feet so torn,  
 Out of love, out of love!  
 Oh, will you come to Him to-day,  
 And get your sins all washed away,  
 And walk with us in misery,  
 Filled with love, filled with love?

## THE WORLD'S HIGHWAY.

**T**o those who think of travelling to the OLD COUNTRY, we would like to call special attention to the Canadian Steamship Lines, for all particulars apply to MAJOR SHESTOW, B A Temple, Toronto.

"Papa?"

"Well?"

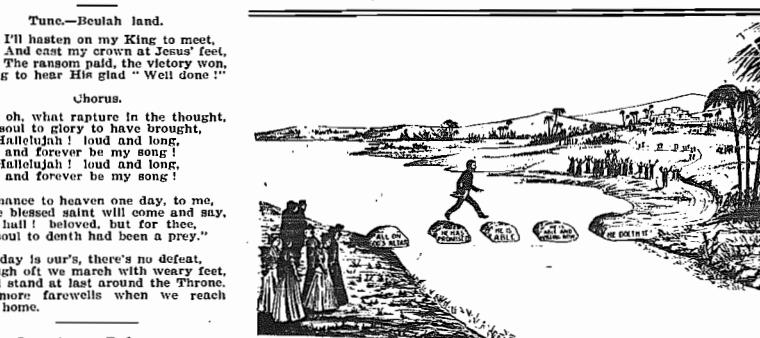
"BUT TALL IS THE MAN WHO IS ABOVE CRITICISM?"—JUDGE.

Papa would have a hard time to answer this question. \*

A man who is above criticism is a long way taller than the average man, for the latter may have a tall tongue, but when it comes to criticism it often rolls, or toes his business or friends, he is quickly cowed and does not think it "good policy" to go against the general opinion of the public, or a good customer.

The man who is above criticism can be sure more heads and shoulders above the crowd of politicians and public men. He is quickly spotted, stands out as a fine target for slander. He is unmoved by praise or abuse, because he is too tall to take notice of it. He is above speech, and when he does speak, he turns to advantage, he is not small enough to resort to tricks, but he is so tall that friends and enemies can plainly see him above the rest and can watch him better.

If he is in power he is taller still. His enemies fear him and gnash their teeth while they plot to bring him down. Knaves and fools in rival positions disfigure in powerless envy and plan how to bring him down; flatterers despair in their fruitless attempts to gain favors through their smooth, sweet tongues, that sing sickly love songs; the wicked and corrupt crumble under his rule, for he is very tall and can see over the heads



## GOING ON TO PERFECTION!

God's Fording-Place over the Jordan.

These solid rocks of truth God has placed as stepping stones between the wilderness of justification, and the Canaan of salvation from all sin, and the glorious indwelling of the spirit of Pentecostal fitness, that His church may walk safely and quickly over to the design of God. Those who are "over-cration" or "all for Jesus" is not holiness, as some think. TO STAND ON THAT FIRST STONE IS TO STAY IN THE WILDERNESS! In the days of Joshua, "the people trusted and passed over." So it ought to be to-day. The children of God who hear His voice say, "Let us go over the Jordan," and joyfully obey, need not spend much time "standing on the promises." He needs only to know he has sure footing, and then leap from rock to rock and land in the place of rest and safety. Those who are "over-cration" are a vociferous company, always testifying to the good qualities of the "good land." Oh, for thousands more of these witnesses.



of others, quickly checking the evil and encouraging the good.

Indeed, he is tall, who is above criticism. He is taller than the majority of God's ministers. He is too tall to see the advantage of having many rich members and to retain their good favors, he is too tall to see them to stand to small tasks, he is above the affairs of men who indulge in questionable business.

He is so tall that manners and softness is only high enough to be trodden beneath his feet, for his hands part the clouds and reach for the happiness of human beings. His eyes are too tall to delight with the small amusements of men, for they see the surpassing beauty of eternal things. His ear is high enough above the din of the dust to catch the strains of immortality. His thoughts are able to the grand and righteous, and the road they travel on. Love is the chariot that carries them, and Symphony and Sacrifice are the prancing steeds that pull them swiftly in duty's path.

Would you like to have a tall soul? The grace of God is sufficiently powerful to expand your soul and to raise it above criticism.

BRUNO FRIEDRICH.

## PUSH!

BY ADJUTANT MAGIE

Why do soldiers cease to fight?

Want of push!

Why can't they enjoy the light?

Want of push!

Why so shallow in their souls?

Want of push!

Why so few upon the rolls?

Want of push!

Why so many coughs and colds?

Want of push!

Why are marches few and small?

Want of push!

Why no people in the hall?

Want of push!

Why they always are so late?

Want of push!

Why they're never up to date?

Want of push!

Why found fading at the gate?

Want of push!

Why the speaking is so dry?

Want of push!

Why they grumble, groan and sigh?

Want of push!

Why the finances are small?

Want of push!

Why the general scold so tall?

Want of push!

Why the order in the hall?

Want of push!

Why the flag drags on the ground?

Want of push!

Why old War Cry's lie around?

Want of push!

Why the band is so poor?

Want of push!

Why tobacco's on the floor?

Want of push!

Why do not make your corps?

Want of push!

Why they do not like to beg?

Want of push!

Why they do not burst the egg?

Want of push!

Why the men in their shell?

Want of push!

Why they don't save souls from hell?

Want of push!

Want of push!

Why my brother don't you fight?

Want of push!

Why did or do the right?

Want of push!

Why not to the Fountain go?

Want of push!

Believe that ye receive them as snow?

Want of push!

Why, with God within, I know

You'll have some push.



SEROT-MAJOR MITCHELL

Of Mandate, N.D.

## Diamond Dust.

**P**RIDE is the natural pickpocket.

      \* \* \*

If you can't be a sun don't be a cloud.

      \* \* \*

Don't blame your luck, but blame your pluck.

      \* \* \*

The obedience of the heart is the art of obedience.

      \* \* \*

It is hard for bad motives to drive good bargains.

      \* \* \*

God-sent messages never go to the dead-letter office.

      \* \* \*

God can make the night side of our life the bright side.

      \* \* \*

Society's glowworms always shine with a sickly light.

      \* \* \*

It is not the length, but the strength of prayer that tells.

      \* \* \*

You will soon be a wreck if you let Satan take the helm.

      \* \* \*

A big heart and a big pocketbook seldom travel far together.

      \* \* \*

Wearing finery unpaid for, is respectability going jailward.

      \* \* \*

At the Angel Inn many a man is made a demon through gin.

      \* \* \*

Your ideal may easily become your idol unless your ideal is Christ.

      \* \* \*

When a man makes a fool of himself he generally does the job well.

      \* \* \*

Live to God's glory here if you want to live in God's glory hereafter.

      \* \* \*

As a matter of fact, nobody believes in a hell except for his neighbor.

      \* \* \*

Don't let your memory become a mere row of hooks to hang grudges on.

      \* \* \*

A prayer for guidance on election-day is quite as appropriate as on Sunday.

      \* \* \*

Conversion is not becoming better than your fellows, but better than yourself.

      \* \* \*

The Head that was pierced with the crown of thorns can feel for your thorn in the flesh.

      \* \* \*

Some people join a church for the same reason that they take out a fire-insurance policy.

      \* \* \*

Weeds thrive best in richest soil. This applies to churches as well as to fields and gardens.

      \* \* \*

If you would fare well with Christ, you must bid farewell to the devil.

      \* \* \*

## In a Nutshell.

**B**ENJAMIN FRANKLIN, at the request of an English lord, once abridged the Book of Common Prayer. The entire catechism which it contains to-day is cut down to two questions with their answers: "What is your duty to God?" and "What is your duty to your neighbor?" This is the real sum and substance of all the catechisms, and includes all that is essential or profitable.

## Why Should You?

**I**HAVE nothing to do with to-morrow,

My Saviour will make that His care; Should He fill it with joy' or with sorrow,

He'll help me to suffer and bear.

I have nothing to do with to-morrow, Its burden, then, why should I bear? Its grace and its strength I can't borrow;

Then why should I borrow its care?

\*\*\*\*\*

IT IS ALWAYS BEST FOR A MAN TO KEEP HIS TEMPER. NO ONE ELSE WANTS IT.

## DRUNKEN DAVIE GILL.

A SCOTCH STORY.

A'M feared ye'll no understand' muckle o' what ast' gan to the Cry man," said Davie Gill, of Chiswick, in his native dialect; but as the Cry man was born and brought up in sight of the Scottish border, he quickly assured him that his fears were groundless.

"Ae was born in Ayreshire," he continued, "an' my boyhood was spent in Govan. Ma parents were religious. Ma father was

Preacher in the Kirk.

an' he died when ae was ten years old. Ae was a ship's plater at Govan, in Dobe's yard, an' ae got on well; but ae drifted into bad company, an' learnt to drink.

"Then an' gaed married, an' there was twa on us baith aleay. Ae earned

A POUND A DAY:

an' went on drinkin', an' ae was never properly sober for twenty years."

"Ye see, ae was brought up in a public-house," interposed Mrs. Gill. "Ma mither kept the pub, an' baith me parents did the washing, washin' you. There was no prayers in ma house; an' kenned naethin' about the Bible nor religion, an' as ae was allowed to gae on as ae leyed, an' becomme a drunkard in me airtly twenties."

"Well," continued Brother Gill, "ye'll understand that the

TWAS ON US,

bein' fond o' drink, helped one another



"Oh, God! Help me to Fight the Drink!"

to become drunkards. We went about the racecourses, fit-ba' matches, drinkin' andbettin', an' wastin' wor money. We must have drunk sax thousand (£20,000) in that year, thousand a day."

"Even when we did git a hame taegether," explained Mrs. Gill, "it would be gone the next week, pawned or sold for drink."

"Then we left Scotland," said David, "an' come to Newhaven, in Albray, an' strange a fit-went to Howden, down the Tyne, and alrined twelve-an'-aspxence a day for two years, drinkin' all the time. At last an' left an' went to the Tozer Brit' at London, which was in course o' construction, an' before we come to London we had to borrow money to sole me boots. As aa sat meaglin' me boots, ae began to meditate an' think aboot the years an' years o' sin un' the

Three-and-a-Pence

and spent in drink. Ae still had a prayin' mither in Scotland an' a thocht o' her, an' hoof often she prest me to go guid. Ae began to cry. The weight o' me sins fairly crushed the spirit out o' me, an' ae had to pawn our oort to get thee the amount o' our boot fare to London."

"We took rooms in Dockhead, abune a public-house," said Mrs. Gill, "an' we continued drinkin'. Before leavin' the North, ae was crossin' the Tyne in a boat, at Howden, an' hauf way across an' jumped out into the river when a

Was in the 'Blues'

w'd drink; but an' was rescued in time.

In Dockhead slums ae soon found a lot o' drinkin' men, clairin' and money an' such like. Ae might as well varra miserable, 'cause ae had no money to spend. Sae ae went to the Army slum barracks. Ae was sober at the time, an' kenned what was about. Captain Johnstone came an' pieced 'er, me, an' led me to the pentient for an' began to pray, an' God saved me. That was six years ago, an' though a doctor said ae would never be cured or drink eravin', yet God tuk it awa that nicht. He saved me, an' He had kept me all this time. We hadn't a home, an' Davie gae saved three months after, an' then we were like a new-wedded couple. We gat

A DRAW BEER

WE ARE YOUR WITNESS BOX.

GADGET IDA HEARNES,  
Stenographer at the Army Headquarters  
in Montreal,  
TELLS OF JESUS AND HIS LOVE.

FROM early childhood I have been in contact a great deal with the Army. I have always loved it, and the principle foundation for my love was the fact that it sought the redemption of those sunken in sin, and with loving and tender hands reached for and lifted the poor degraded outcasts of society to a newness of life in Christ. How my heart has always been touched as my eyes have gazed upon the wretchedness of these unhappy ones, brought low by sin and fleshly lusts. As I grew older I thought I should like in some way to help them, and God pointed out to me that the S. A. warfare was a channel through which I could do much good, but to engage in such a work without getting into the disowning of many honest, upright men was a sacrifice I counted too dear. At last, however, I got converted and started to live and fight for God, and was a faithful servant for a long time; had stepped out from the world, and taken my stand for Christ. The S. A. came with his alluring snares, tempting me with the false and glittering pleasures of earth, and I, in my youth, instead of leaning more heavily upon the omnipotent Arm of Jehovah, gave way to him. My opposition as a Salvation Army worker was great. Why should I be called upon to teach such an opposition, talkin' up with the scorn of the world, and being made the object of much ridicule, when my associates seemed to have such happiness in their life? This was a question which puzzled me much. Why should I stand out amongst them? Oh, it was hard, I thought. I had a passionate love for drees, the latest fashions I must have, and went in for the amusements o' the world, and yet with all I was so discontented and unhappy. Why was I so always was relentlessly impelled, but I turned to Christ in my own way. God wanted me in the Army. I was now convinced of that fact. I loved very much, admitted it was doing a great work for God, and I longed to be one of the workers, but it meant leaving from the world, leaving the dancin' as all that, the dancing of the plain S. A. uniform, and I felt the price too high to pay. A backsiddler? Ah, yes, and no one knows but those who have been in like state, the anguish of a backsiddler soul. For my deep conviction was standin' upon me. Many a time after an evening's apparent pleasure have I gone to my room to weep, with a heart over-burdened, and yet fearing to sleep lest God should require an account of my life ere the dawn of day. For three years now I was thus weighed down in gloom, an' I grieved over that period I wonder that God dealt so kindly with me. Truly His mercy endureth forever. I was so obstinate, and yet He cared for me tenderly, and His love again won my sorrowful heart. I shall never forget the night that God received me, and when my sins were rolled from off my burdened heart. Such a relief! It was born on earth, and I arose from my knees a new creature in Christ. Soon after my conversion I was enrolled as a soldier, and for eleven months fought for God in my corps. There have been hours of darkness when I knew not which way to go, as it were, but the light has come in the clouds and the bright sunlight from above has shone brightly upon me, illuminating my soul. These have been times when I have been left wounded upon the battle-ground, but the Divine Physician who has ever near, bound up my wounds, and I arose stronger in the faith of my precious Saviour. I can also record wonderful triumphs, glorious victories, when the enemy has been driven back, and I have, through Christ, stood conqueror. Bless His name! I applied and was accepted as a stenographer at the Y.M.C.A. and Blue fighting for God and seeking to rescue poor, helpless, dying humanity. Happy? Yes, as happy as can be. "No more cruel punishments, no more bitter tears, no more agonies, no more sorrows, no more sleepless nights, but in the deep, calm peace which comes to one obedient to His command. I have given my life to my Saviour to serve Him supremely, and to obey His commandments. I am truly satisfied and consecrated to the service of God. My past experience has profited me well. Now I seek to turn other souls to the ways into the Path of Truth and Righteousness, and live continually in the glow of heart-felt praise to my blessed Redeemer for His goodness to me.

JDA E. HEARNES.